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HYMNAL

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church

WITH MUSIC

EDITED BY THE

Rev. A. B. GOODRICH D.D.

RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y.

AND

WALTER B. GILBERT Mus. B. Oxon.
ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHAPEL, NEW YORK



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PREFACE.

In the preparation of this work the same principle has been observed which seems to have guided the Hymnal Committee in the compilation of the words to which tunes are here set, namely, to provide, within proper limits, for a great variety of wants and tastes. A comprehensive gauge in the character of the tunes is required in a work designed for general use, and although the expectation is not entertained of pleasing all, yet it is believed that the present collection will be found well adapted to meet the wants of most of our congregations, in town and country. While care has been taken to exclude frivolous and secular compositions, and to sustain throughout a high average level in the character of the music, a few tunes which the student of a severe style of ecclesiastical music might not approve have been admitted, because on certain occasions any other tunes would not be acceptable or At missionary services especially, the introduction of other than familiar melodies would deprive the majority of the worshippers of the privilege of joining in the service of sacred song. Differences of taste and local preferences have in a measure been provided for, by giving in many cases alternate tunes. instances this plan seemed the more desirable on account of the difficulty of making a selection from several tunes equally suitable.

The Editors feel deeply the importance of elevating the standard of musical culture in our congregations, and they are in hearty sympathy with those who are labouring for this most desirable object; but they believe that the improvement will be best promoted, not by attempting a complete and radical change at once, but by gradually educating the people in a purer taste and better knowledge of the sacred art. The present work is prepared in accordance with these views, and in the hope that it will prove practically useful as a musical companion of the new Hymnal, and be found to contribute in some degree to the improvement of our ecclesiastical music.

The various sources from which materials have been obtained for this work are given in the index. The best ancient, together with modern compositions of acknowledged excellence, have been freely used. The greater part of the collection consists of the standard tunes which have been so long and justly prized. For some of the peculiar metres it was found necessary to provide new tunes. Our grateful acknowledgments are tendered to those authors and proprietors who have so courteously placed their compositions at our disposal, and to the many kind friends who have aided us by their valuable suggestions.

The system of notation which has been observed, it is believed, will prove advantageous in many respects, especially in suggesting a more spirited movement than that which is usually adopted for congregational singing. It is not intended, however, to indicate that all the tunes are to be sung at a rapid pace. The character of the tune and the subject-matter of the hymn in each case will suggest to the leader or choir the proper style of performance. Pauses should be made at the end of the lines to avoid hurry and preserve dignity.

The tunes are given in keys best adapted to congregational singing, a matter of some importance, as organs are now built with a higher pitch than formerly.

The insertion of first verses between the staves, and the placing of the stems of the notes for each part in their proper positions, are advantages which will be readily recognized, and it is hoped will increase the value of the book sufficiently to compensate for the additional outlay required to secure this desirable feature.

A. B. G. W. B. G.

May, 1872.

HYMNAL

Advent.



2 Every eye shall now behold him, Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierced, and nailed nim to the tree. Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

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7

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth, shall flee away: And who hate him must, confounded, Hear the trump proclaim the day; Come to judgment, Come to judgment,
- 4 Now redemption, long expected, See in solemn pomp appear: All his saints, by men rejected, Now shall meet him in the air: Hallelujah! See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!



- ² Every eye shall now behold him, Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.
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 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment, come away.
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- 5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee, High on thine eternal throne: Saviour, take the power and glory; Claim the kingdom for thine own. O come quickly! Hallelujah! Come, Lord, ceme!



2 The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3

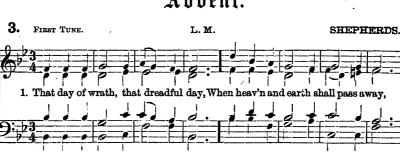
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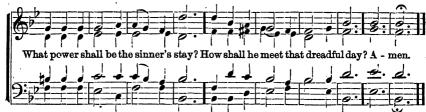
3 The Lord will come: a dreadful form, With wreath of flame, and robe of storm, On cherub wings, and wings of wind, Anointed Judge of human-kind.

45.2".

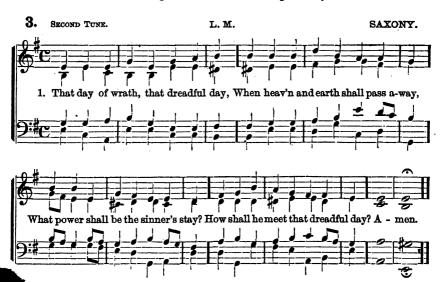
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray A pilgrim on the world's highway; By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride, O God! is this the Crucified?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain; Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain; But faith, victorious o'er the tomb, Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

4





- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll, When louder yet, and yet more dread, Swell the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away.





- 2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry; Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply; Above, beneath us, and around, The dead and living swell the sound; Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care, Return to this thy house of prayer: Assembled in thy sacred name, Where we thy parting promise claim: Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast, Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest; And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy thee. Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heaven shall melt away, Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again. Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Advent.

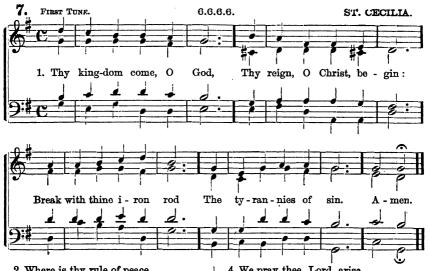


- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil;
 Look now for your salvation, The end of sin and toil.
 The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go meet him as he cometh, With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 O wise and holy virgins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your jubilations Ye meet the angel choir.
- The marriage-feast is waiting, The gates wide open stand; Up, up, ye heirs of glory! The Bridegroom is at hand.
- 4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesu, now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with thee!

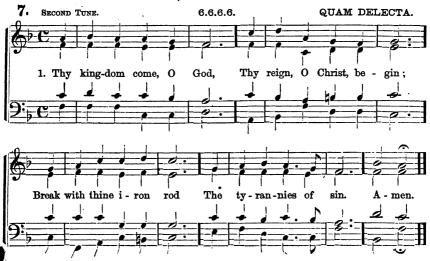


- 2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day, The willing people shall obey; And, when thy rising beams they view, Shall all (redeem'd from error's night) Appear more numerous and bright Than crystal drops of morning dew."
- 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
 That, like Melchizedek's, thy reign
 And priesthood shall no period see;
 Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
 Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
 Then raise thy head in victory!





- 2 Where is thy rule of peace, And purity, and love? When shall all hatred cease, As in the realms above?
- 3 When comes the promised time That war shall be no more, Oppression, lust, and crime Shall flee thy face before?
- 4 We pray thee, Lord, arise, And come in thy great might; Revive our longing eyes, Which languish for thy sight.
- 5 Men scorn thy sacred name, And wolves devour thy fold: By many deeds of shame We learn that love grows cold.
- 6 O'er heathen lands afar Thick darkness broodeth yet: Arise, O morning Star, Arise, and never set.









The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when thou in wrath
Shall lift thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

Advent.



- 2 Come, quickly come, great King of all; Reign all around us, and within; Let sin no more our souls enthral, Let pain and sorrow die with sin: Come, quickly come: for thou alone Canst make thy scattered people one.
- 3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all; The curse of death is on the ground; On every home his shadows fall,

On every heart his mark is found: Come, quickly come: for grief and pain Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all, For gloomy night broods o'er our way; And fainting souls begin to fall

With weary watching for the day: Come, quickly come: for round thy throne No eye is blind, no night is known.



- 2 O Jesu, thou art knocking:
 And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
 And thorns thy brow encircle,
 And tears thy face have marr'd:
 Oloro that recently have leader.
 - O love that passeth knowledge, So patiently to wait!
 - O sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate!

- 3 O Jesu, thou art pleading In accents meek and low, "I died for you, my children,
 - And will ye treat me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and scrrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,

And leave us nevermore.



- Prepare we in our hearts a home, Where such a mighty guest may come.
- 3 For thou art our salvation, Lord, Our refuge and our great reward; Without thy grace we waste away, Like flowers that wither and decay.
- Shine forth, and let thy light restore Earth's own true loveliness once more.
- 5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee, Whose advent doth thy people free; Whom with the Father we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Advent.



- 2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan's tyranny; From depths of hell thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spirits by thine advent here; Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 4 O come, thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heavenly home; Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanucl Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might; Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height, In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and majesty, and awe. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel!





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Shall come to thee, O I: rael!



Dec. 17 .- O Adonai.

Ruler of Israel, Lord of might, Who gavest the law from Sinai's height; Once in the fiery bush revealed, With outstretched arm thy chosen shield:

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 18.—O Radix Jesse.

O Root of Jesse! Ensign thou! To whom all Gentile kings shall bow, From depths of hell thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave. Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,

In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 19 .- O Clavis David.

O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key! Come thou, and set death's captives free, Unlock the gate that bars their road, And lead them to the throne of God.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 20.-0 Oriens.

O Day-spring and Eternal Light! Pierce through the gloom of error's night; Predestined Sun of Righteousness! Haste with thy rising beams to bless. Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 22.—O Rex Gentium.

O King! Desire of nations! come, Lead sons of earth to heav'n's high home; Thou chief and precious Corner-stone, Binding the sever'd into one.

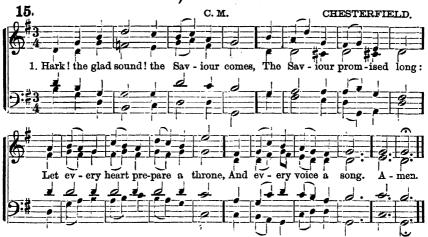
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 23.—O Emmanucl.

O Lawgiver! Emmanuel! King! Thy praises we would ever sing; The Gentile's hope, the Saviour blest, Take us to thine eternal rest.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mercy save thine Israel.





2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd, Exerts his sacred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,

His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release

In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray,

And on the eyes oppress'd with night

To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure: And with the treasures of his grace

To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.



2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the carth thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,

Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.



2 Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord; Late in time behold him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb: Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see; Hail the incarnate Deity, Pleased as Man with men to dwell; Jesus, our Emmanuel!

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Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King.

3 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.



- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day Is born of David's line, The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign.
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find, To human view display'd, All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the scraph; and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising God, and thus Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will henceforth from heaven to men Begin, and never cease."



2 God of God, Light of Light, Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb; Very God,

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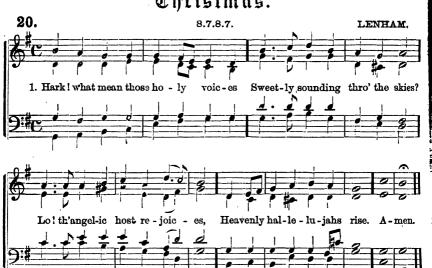
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Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore him, &c.

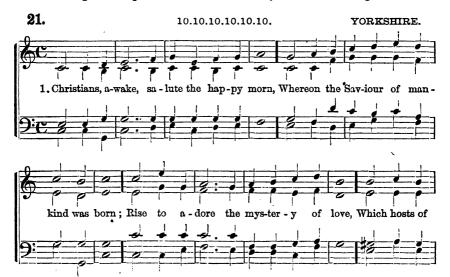
3 Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation, Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above, Glory to God In the highest; O come, let us adore him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,





- 2 Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy-"Glory in the highest, glory! Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins forgiven, Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed! Heaven and earth his praises sing! O receive whom God appointed For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 " Hasten, mortals, to adore him; Learn his name to magnify, Till in heaven ye sing before him, Glory be to God most high!"





- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations upon earth:
 This day has God fulfill'd his promised word,
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire: The praises of redeeming love they sang, And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang: God's highest glory was their anthem still, Peace upon earth, and unto men gcod-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
 To see the Wonder God had wrought for man;
 And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
 Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
 Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
 The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy; Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss, From his poor manger to his bitter cross; Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
- Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
 - 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among, To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song; He, that was born upon this joyful day, Around us all his glory shall display; Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing Of angels and of angel-men the King.



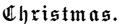


2 Still through the cloven skies they come, 3 O ye beneath life's crushing load, With peaceful wings unfurl'd; Whose forms are bending low, And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world; Above its sad and lowly plains

They bend on hovering wing, And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow! Look now, for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing; O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old, When with the ever-circling years Shall come the time foretold, When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King, And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.





all how he cometh; from nation to nation, The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:

ow free to the faithful he offers salvation, How his people with joy everlasting are crowned:

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,

And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna

arise; Ye angels, the full Hallelujah be singing; One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.



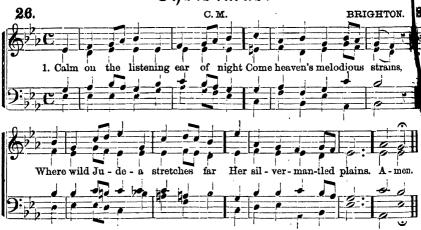


- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night; God with man is now residing Yonder shines the infant-light: Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
 Brighter visions beam afar:
 Seek the great Desire of nations,
 Ye have seen his natal star:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.



- 2 True Son of the Father,
 He comes from the skies;
 To be born of a Virgin
 He doth not despise.
 To Bethlehem hasten, &c.
- 3 Hark, hark to the angels!
 All singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest
 All glory be given!"
 To Bethlehem hasten, &c.
- 4 To thee, then, O Jesu,
 This day of thy birth,
 Be glory and honour
 Through heaven and earth;
 True Godhead incarnate!
 Omnipotent Word!
 O come, let us hasten
 To worship the Lord!





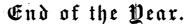
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above Shed sacred glories there; And angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply; And greet, from all their hely heights, The Day-Spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm,

- And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring,
- "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem! The Saviour now is born! And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn.



- 2 For thou our burden hast removed; The oppressor's reign is broke; Thy fiery conflict with the foe Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 3 To us the promised Child is born; To us the Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth obey, And all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For evermore adored;
 - The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty God and Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread, His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.







On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.



New Pear.



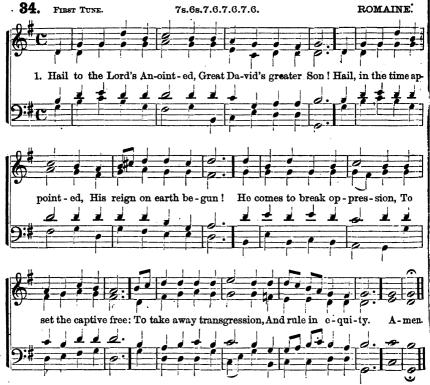
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.
 - 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.



- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find:
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view:
 Bless thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

Circumcision.

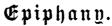




- 2 He comes with succour speedy
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth;
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing, And daily vows ascend; His kingdom still increasing, A kingdom without end: The tide of time shall never His covenant remove; His name shall stand for ever; That name to us is Love.

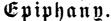


- 2 He comes with succour speedy To those who suffer wrong, To help the poor and needy, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sighing, Their darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemn'd and dying, Were precious in his sight.
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 Upon the fruitful earth;
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2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne;
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.





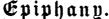
wide dis-play, And break up - on thee in

a

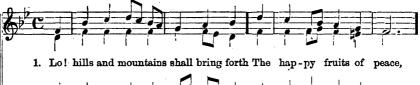
flood of

day.

A - men.









Which all the land shall own to be The work of righteous-ness; A-men.



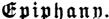
- 2 While David's Son our needy race Shall rule with gentle sway; And from their humble neck shall take Oppressive yokes away.
- 3 In every heart thy awful fear Shall then be rooted fast, As long as sun and moon endure, Or time itself shall last.
- 4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers The meadow's second birth; Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops Refresh the thirsty earth.
- 5 In his blest days the just and good Shall spring up all around The happy land shall everywhere With endless peace abound.
- 6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall From sea to sea extend; Begin at proud Euphrates' stream, At nature's limits end.
- 7 To him the savage nations round Shall bow their servile heads; His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust, Where he his conquest spreads.
- 8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles Shall costly presents bring; From spicy Sheba gifts shall come, And wealthy Saba's king.

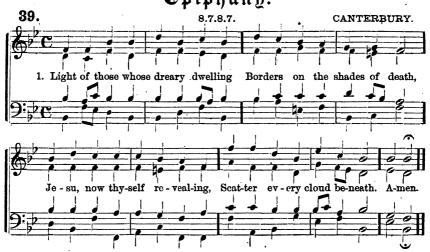
- 9 To him shall every king on earth His humble homage pay And differing nations gladly join To own his righteous sway.
- 10 For he shall set the needy free, When they for succour cry; Shall save the helpless and the poor, And all their wants supply.
- 11 For him shall constant prayer be made, Through all his prosperous days: His just dominion shall afford A lasting theme of praise.
- 12 The memory of his glorious name Through endless years shall run; His spotless fame shall shine as bright And lasting as the sun.
- 13 In him the nations of the world Shall be completely bless'd, And his unbounded happiness By every tongue confess'd.
- 14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord, The God whom Israel fears ; Who only wondrous in his works, Beyond compare, appears.
- 15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd, For ever bless his name; Whilst to his praise the listening world. Their glad accept proclaim.

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- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing; Life and joy thy beams impart, Chasing all our doubts, and cheering Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show thy power in every nation, O thou Prince of peace and love?
- Give the knowledge of salvation, Fix our hearts on things above.
- 4 By thine all-sufficient merit, Every burden'd soul release: By the presence of thy Spirit, Guide us into perfect peace.



- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns: Let men their songs employ; [plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
- He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

1



- 2 The pride of thy foes
 Is turn'd to thy praise;
 Their fierceness o'erruled
 Thy providence sways;
 Their sin overflowing
 Thy power will restrain;
 Thy arm on the wicked
 New glory will gain.
- 2 Ye nations, to God Vow lomage sincere; Devote to him gifts, Love, worship, and fear; Before him, ye mighty, Your spirits repress; Ye high and ye humble, His wonders confess!



- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound, From the centre to the skies, Wakes above, beneath, around, All creation's harmonies:
 See, Jehovah's banners furled; [done, Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
 Then the end; beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.



- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Traveller! blessedness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends. Watchman! will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

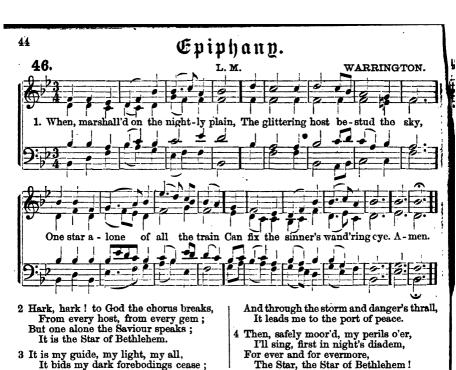


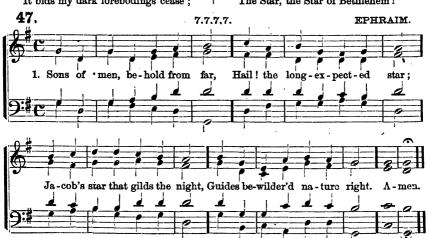


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- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath, Piercing through the shades of death; Scattering error's wide-spread night, Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near, Haste to see your God appear: Haste, for him your hearts prepare, Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the Day-Spring rise, Pouring light upon your eyes: See it chase the shades away, Shining to the perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning stars, again, God descends on earth to reign, Deigns for man his life to employ; Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

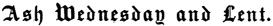












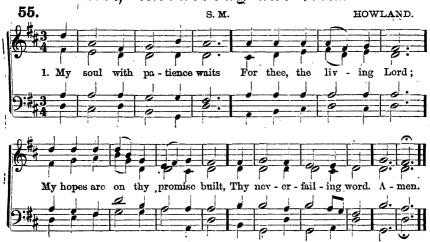


- 2 By thy birth and early years, By thy human griefs and fears, By thy fasting and distress In the lonely wilderness, By thy victory in the hour Of the subtle tempter's power; Jesus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thy conflict with despair, By thine agony of prayer, By the purple robe of scorn, By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
- By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries, By thy perfect sacrifice; Jesus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy power from death to save,
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restored,
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

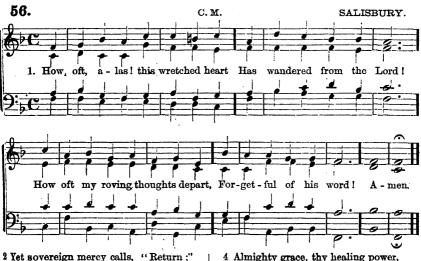




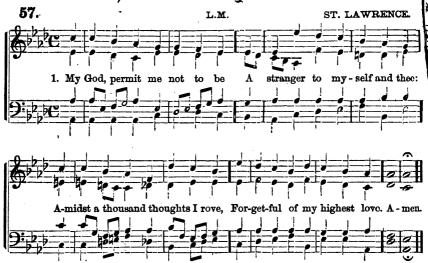
- 2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:
 God who did your souls retrieve,
 That ye might for ever live;
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:
 He who all your lives hath strove—
 Wooed you to embrace his love.
 Will ye not the grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?



- 2 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enlivening ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
 - 3 Let Israel trust in God, No bounds his mercy knows;
- The plenteous source and spring from Eternal succour flows; [whence
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us Supplies in want convey;
 - A healing spring, a spring to cleanse And wash our guilt away.

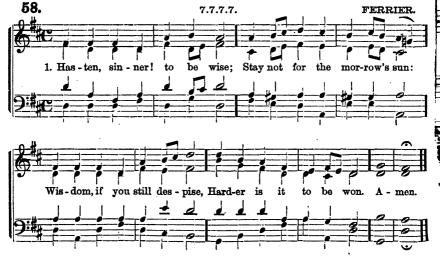


- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardon'd rebel live To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power, How glorious, how divine! That can to life and bliss restore So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore:
 - O keep me at thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.



2 Why should my passions mix with earth, | 3 Call me away from flesh and sense; And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And all my purest joys forego?

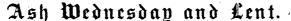
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence: I would obey the voice divine, And all inferior joys resign.



2 Hasten, mercy to implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.

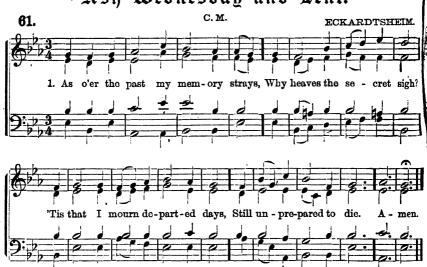
3 Hasten, sinner! now return; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn. Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest; Stay not for the morrow's sun : Lest perdition thee arrest, Ere the morrow is begun.









- 2 The world and worldly things beloved, My anxious thoughts employ'd; And time unhallow'd, unimproved, Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
 Chase from my labouring breast;
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
 That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine; And when thy sure decree Bids me this fleeting breath resign, O speed my soul to thee.





- Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross;
 Hallow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- ¹3 If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my light, be thou my way; No foes no violence I fear, No harm, while thou, my God, are near.
 - 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
- Jesus, thy timely aid impart, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I follow thee; O let thy hand support me still, And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way, My strength proportion to my day, Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease, Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.



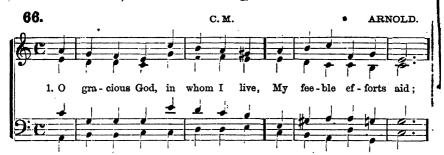


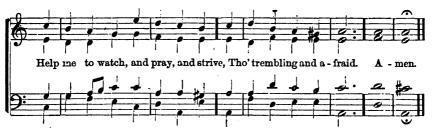
3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour! Their guilt I never knew Till, with thee, in the desert I near thy Passion drew; 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all thy goodness
To suffering man below.
Thy goodness and thy favour,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in thee and love.



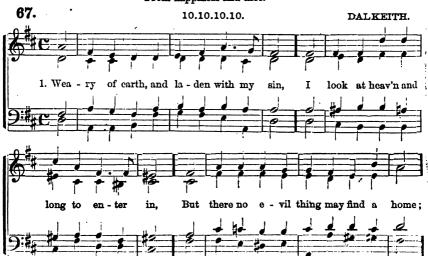
- 2 When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee,
- O let my strength be as my day: For good, remember me.
- If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble frame should be,
- Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; Hear and remember me.
- 3 And oh, when in the hour of death I own thy just decree,
 - Be this the prayer of my last breath, Dear Lord, remember me.
 - To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore,
 - Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.







- 2 Increase my faith, increase my hope, When foes and fears prevail; And bear my fainting spirit up, Or soon my strength will fail.
- Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 My God, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide.
- 4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.





vile I am, how dare I hope to stand the pure glory of that holy land? efore the whiteness of that throne appear? et there are hands stretch'd out to draw me

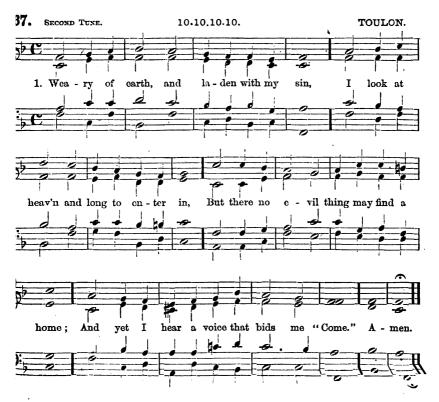
he while I fain would tread the heavenly way, 5 Twas he who found me on the deathly wild, vil is ever with me, day by day; et on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, epent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear, His are the hands stretched out to draw me

And his the blood that can for all atone, And set me faultless there before the throne.

And made me heir of heaven, the Father' child. And day by day, whereby my soul may live, Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

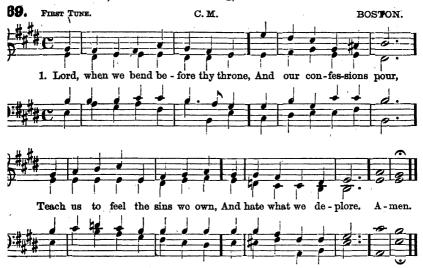
6 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord; Thine all the merits, mine the great reward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown, Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.



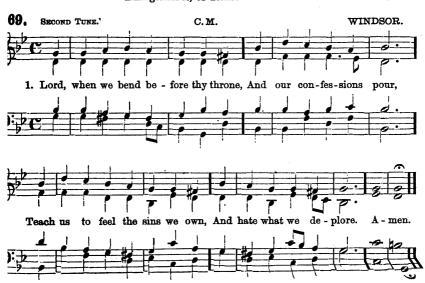


- Striving, tempting, luring, Goading into sin? Christian! never tremble: Never be down-cast: Gird thee for the battle, Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and vigil? Always watch and prayer?"

- Peace shall follow battle, Night shall end in day.
- 4 "Well I know thy trouble, O my servant true; Thou art very weary, I was weary too; But that toil shall make thee Some day all mine own, And the end of sorrow Shall be near my throne."

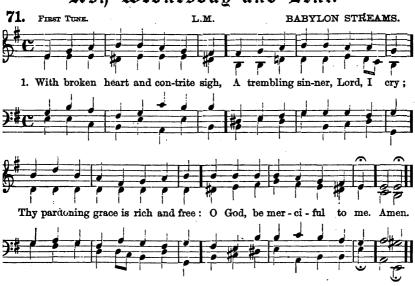


- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see; True penitence impart; Then let a kindling glance from thee Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer, May we our wills resign; And not a thought our bosom share Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill, And waft it to the skies, And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still That grants it, or denies.





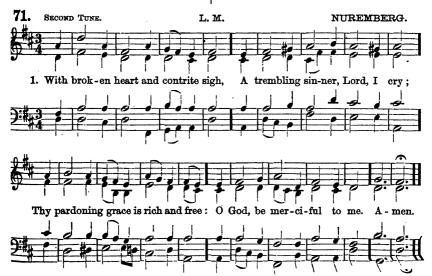
- 2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace, More full of grace than I of sin; Yet once again I seek thy face: Open thine arms and take me in; And freely my backslidings heal, And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fallen spirit to restore:
 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

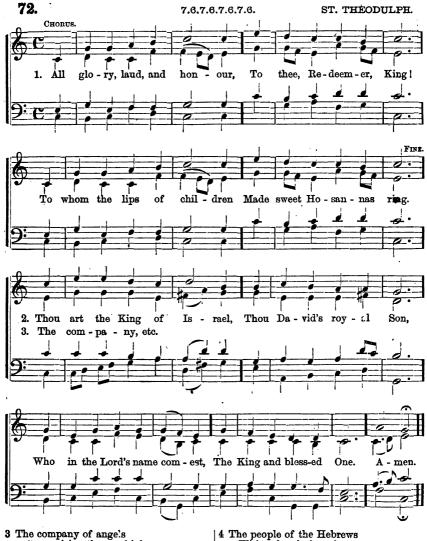


I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea: O God, be merciful to me. Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But thou dost all my anguish see:

0 God, be merciful to me.

- 4 Nor alms, nor needs that I have done, Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be, God has been merciful to me.





Are praising thee on high; And mortal men, and all things Created, make reply.

All glory, etc.

With palms before thee went: Our praise and prayer and anthems Before thee we present. All giory, etc.

5 To thee before thy Passion They sang their hymns of praise: To thee, now high exalted Our melody we raise,

All glory, etc.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.



Palm Sunday and Passion Week.



- 2 Scourged with unrelenting fury For the sins which we deplore, By his livid stripes he heals us, Raising us to fall no more; All our bruises gently soothing Binding up the bleeding sore.
- 3 See! his hands and feet are fastened; So he makes his people free: Not a wound whence blood is flowing But a fount of grace shall be; Yes, the very nails which nail him Nail us also to the tree.
- 4 Through his heart the spear is piercing,
 Though his foes have seen him die;
 Blood and water thence are streaming
 In a tide of mystery,
 Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
 Blood to win us crowns on high.
- 5 Jesu, may these precious fountains Drink to thirsting souls afford; Let them be our cup and healing, And at length our full reward; So a ransomed world shall ever Praise thee, its redeeming Lord.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.



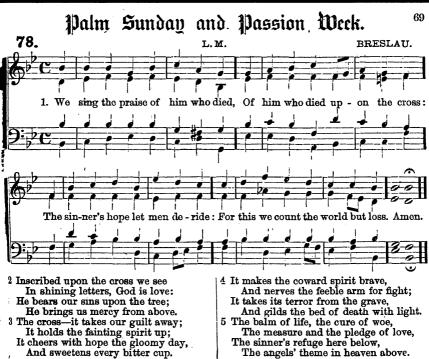
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins were on thee laid; By Almighty love anointed, Thou hast full atonement made. All thy people are forgiven Through the virtue of thy blood; Open'd is the gate of heaven, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

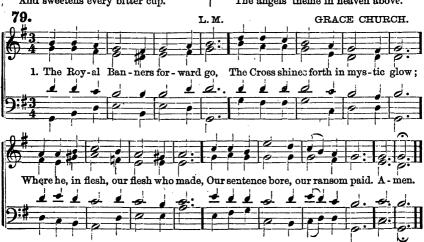
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory;
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding.
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing 'Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.



- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious, Travelling onward in his might; 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious, To his people, is the sight! Satan conquered, and the grave, Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
 "Tis the blood of many slain;
 Of his foes there's none remaining,
 None, the contest to maintain:
 Fallen they are, no more to rise;
 All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty victor, reign for ever;
 Wear the crown so dearly won;
 Never shall thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what thou hast done;
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
 Thou hast healed thy people's woes.





2 There whilst he hung, his sacred side By soldier's spear was opened wide, To cleanse us in the precious flood Of water blood.

3 O tree of glory, tree most fair, Ordained those holy limbs to bear, How bright in purple robe it stood, The purple of a Saviour's blood. 4 Upon its arms, like balance true, He weighed the price for sinners due, The price which none but he could pay, And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,

5 To Thee Eternal Three in One, Let homage meet by all be done: As by the cross thou dost restore, So rule and guide us evermore.



- 2 Jesus, who but thou had borne, Lifted on that tree of scorn, Every pang and bitter throe, Finishing thy life of woe?
- 3 Who but thou had dared to drain, Steeped in gall, the cup of pain; And with tender body bear Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?
- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed, Mingled from thy side with blood; Sign to all attesting eyes Of the finished sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace In that sacrifice to place All our trust for life renewed, Pardoned sin, and promised good.

Good Friday.

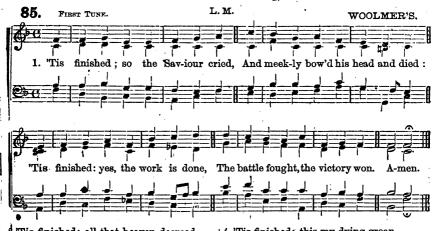


- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is he? By the sun at noonday pale, Shivering rocks, and rending veil, By the earth enwrapt in gloom, By the saints who burst their tomb, Eden promised ere he died To the felon at his side; Lord! our suppliant knees we bow! Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 3 Bound upon the accursed tree, Sad and dying, who is he? By the last and bitter cry-Of the dying agony, By the liteless body, laid

- In the chambers of the dead, By the mourners come to weep Where the bones of Jesus sleep, Crucified, we know thee now: Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 4 Bound upon the accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is he?
 By the prayer for them that slew
 "Lord! they know not what they do!"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquest he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow,
 Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!



Good Friday.

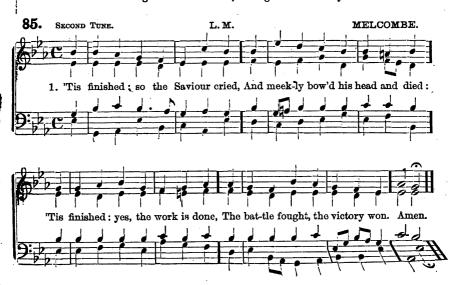


Tis finished: all that heaven decreed, And all the ancient prophets said, Is now fulfill'd, as long designed. In me, the Saviour of mankind.

1

- 3 Tis finished: Aaron now no more Must stain his robes with purple gore: The sacred veil is rent in twain, And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished: this my dying groan Shall sins of every kind atone: Millions shall be redeem'd from death, By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled, And all the powers of darkness spoiled: Peace, love, and happiness, again Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finished: let the joyful sound Be heard through all the nations round: 'Tis finished: let the echo fly Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.



way, Learn of

Je - sus Christ to

pray.

A-men.

Turn not from his griefs a -





2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring.

I'd breathe my soul to thee.

And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move:
For he, who dies helieving.
Dies sately through thy love.

4 What language shall I borrow To thank thee, dearest friend,

For this thy dying sorrow,

Thy pity without end?

O make me thine for ever;





- 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure Do the precious words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord. "It is finished!" Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finish'd all that God had promised:
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finished!"
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Emmanuel's name;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim.

 Hallelujah!

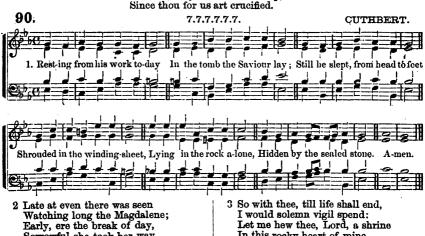
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



Good Friday.



- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him. While soldiers scoff and Jews deride? Ah! look how patiently he hangs; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times he spake, seven words of love; And all three hours his silence cried For mercy on the souls of men; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 A broken heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be denied; Lord Jesu, may we love and weep,



- Sorrowful she took her way To the holy garden glade, Where her buried Lord was laid.
- In this rocky heart of mine, Where in pure embalmèd cell None but thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring, True affection's offering: Close the door from sight and sound Of the busy world around; And in patient watch remain Till my Lord appear again.

Caster Even.



Easter Even.



- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin, Temptation without and corruption within; E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb: Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God; Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



af - ford

In

2 Therefore my heart all grief defies, My glory does rejoice; My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise, Waked by his powerful voice.

And pri-vate counsel still

3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath, My soul from hell shalt free:

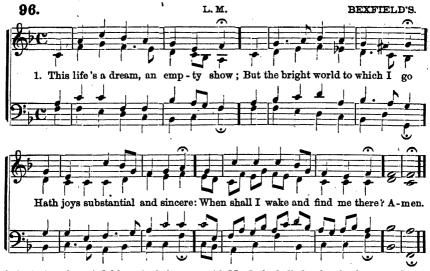
Nor let thy Holy One in death The least corruption see.

sor-row's dis-mal night.

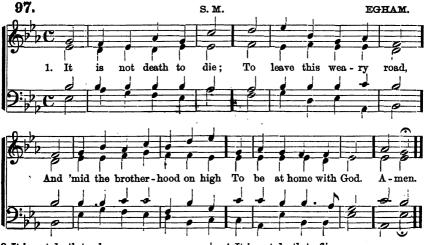
A - men.

4 Thou shalt the paths of life display Which to thy presence lead; Where pleasures dwell without allay, And joys that never fade.

Easter Even.



- 2 O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sense no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

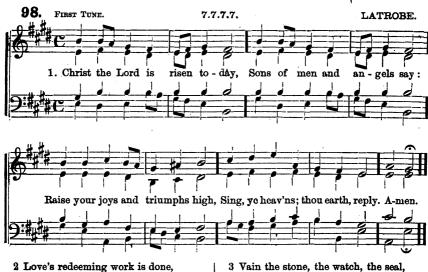


- 2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear

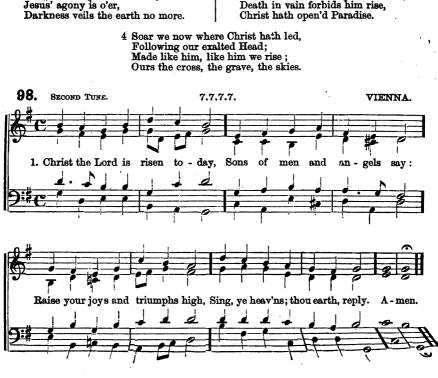
 The wrench that sets us free

 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air

 Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise, on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of life! Thy chosen cannot die; Like thee, they conquer in the strife, To reign with thee on high.



- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the victory won: Jesus' agony is o'er, Darkness veils the earth no more.
- Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Death in vain forbids him rise, Christ hath open'd Paradise.





Easter.



- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Who endured the cross and grave, Sinners to redeem and save.
 - Hallelujah!
- 3 But the pains which he endured
 Our salvation have secured;
 Now above the sky he's King,
 Where the angels ever sing,
 Hallelu'ah!



4 Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy; From sin's power do thou set free Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee. Hymns of glory and of praise, Risen Lord, to thee we raise; Holy Father, praise to thee, With the Spirit, ever be.

Caster.



- 2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise Your eternal song of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Echo to the blissful sound. Alleluia! alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen tc-day.
- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory as of old to thee,
 Now and evermore, shall be.
 Alleluia! alleluia!
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.





- 2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour, When by his own Almighty power He rose, and left the grave! Now let our songs his triumph tell, Who burst the bands of death and hell, And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
 For us he rose, our glorious Head,
 Immortal life to bring;
 What though the saints like him shall die,
 They share their Leader's victory,
 And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
 For Jesus will their spirits save,
 And raise their slumbering dust:
 O risen Lord, in thee we live,
 To thee our ransom'd souls we give,
 To thee our bodies trust.



Easter.



ur hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
he Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
nd, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
lis own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful! Let earth her song begin! Let the round world keep triumph, And all that is therein! Invisible and visible, Their notes let all things blend, For Christ the Lord hath risen, Our Joy that hath no end.





Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!

The being he gave us, death cannot destroy;

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,

If tears were our birthright, and death were our end?

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,

Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Easter.

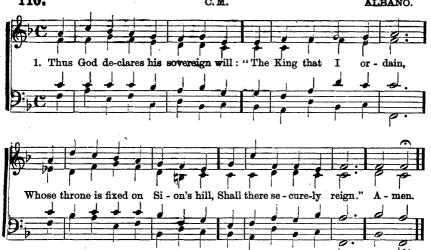


- 2 To him who died that we might die
 To sin, and live with him on high,
 Sing we Alleluia!
 To him who rose that we might rise,
 And reign with him beyond the skies,
 Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To him who now for us doth plead,
 And helpeth us in all our need,
 Sing we Alleluia!
 To him who doth prepare on high
 Our home in immortality,
 Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To him be glory evermore:
 Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
 Sing we Alleluia!
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
 Sing we Alleluia!



C.M.

ALBANO.



- 2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare God's uncontroll'd decree:
- "Thou art my Son, this day my heir Have I begotten thee.
- "Ask, and receive thy full demands: Thine shall the heathen be: The utmost limits of the lands Shall be possess'd by thee."

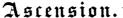


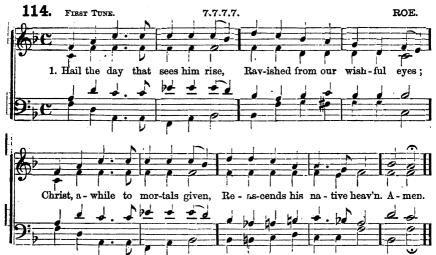
- Now our Passover is come, Dimly shadow'd in the past, And the very Paschal Lamb, Christ the Lord, is slain at last. Then, with hearts and hands made meet. Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.
- 3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven, Whom all angel hosts obey, To whose will all earth is given, At whose word hell shrinks away, Thou hast conquer'd death's dread Thou hast brought us light and life.



2 Thou art gone up on high; But thou didst first come down, Through earth's most bitter misery, To pass unto thy crown; And girt with griefs and fears Our onward course must be; But only let that path of tears Lead us at last to thee. 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,

That we may stand, in that dread hour At thy right hand on high.





- 2 There the glorious triumph waits; Lift your heads, eternal gates; Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives, Still he loves the earth he leaves: Though returning to his throne, Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 See, he lifts his hands above; See, he shows the prints of love; Hark, his gracious lips bestow— Blessings on his Church below.
- 5 Still for us his death he pleads; Prevalent, he intercedes; Near himself prepares our place, Harbinger of human race.
- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight, High above yon azure height, Grant our hearts may thither rise, Following thee beyond the skies.





- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings; On the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings; Crown him! Crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and angels crowd around him, Own his title, praise his name: Crown him! Crown him! Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!

 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!

 Jesus takes the highest station;

 O what joy the sight affords!

 Crown him! Crown him!

 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Ascension.



- 2 Crown him the Virgin's Son!
 The God incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now his brow adorn.
 Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
 True Branch of Jesse's stem,
 The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
 The Babe of Bethlehem!
- 3 Crown him the Lord of love!
 Behold his hands and side,—
 Those wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified:
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his wondering eye
 At mysteries so bright.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of peace!
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise.
 His reign shall know no end;
 And round his piercèd feet
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 5 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
 One with the Father known,—
 And the blest Spirit, through him given
 From yonder Triune throne!
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For thou hast died for me:
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity.

Ascension.





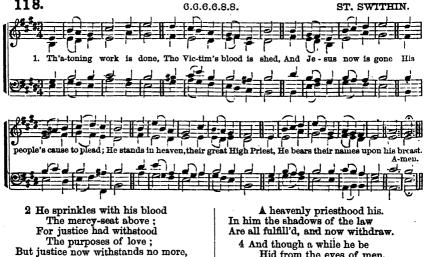
- 2 Where his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay : Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the radiant scene : He claims those mansions as his right; Receive the King of Glory in.

118.

- Who is the King of Glory, who? The Lord that all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Ξ

6 Who is the King of Glory, who? The Lord, of glorious power possessed, The King of saints and angels too, God over all, for ever bless'd.



3 No temple made with hands, His place of service is; In heaven itself he stands.

And mercy yields her boundless store.

Hid from the eyes of men, His people look to see Their great High Priest again; In brighest glory he will come. And take his waiting people home.

Ascension.



2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great Deliverer reigns; See how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the tyrant death in chains. 3 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King, Born to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting? And where thy victory, O grave?"



2 He shall assaulting foes repel, And with success our battles fight; Shall fix the place where we must dwell, The pride of Jacob, his delight.

- 3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song rebound.
- 4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For him who all the world commands;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

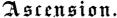


2 To him your voice in anthems raise, Jehovah's awful name he bears; In him rejoice, extol his praise, Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;

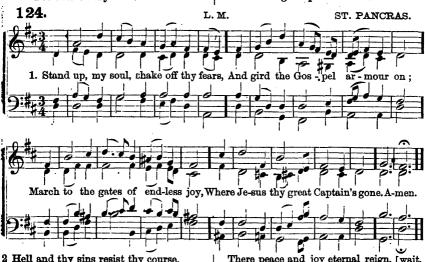
His presence now fills Sion's towers, As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.





- 2 Let elders worship at his feet, The Church adore around, With vials full of odours sweet, And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy, remain For ever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood, Hast set the prisoners free, Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace Are put beneath thy power; Then shorten these delaying days, And bring the promised hour.

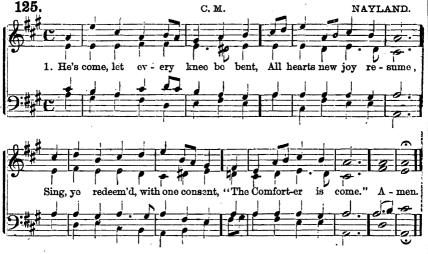


Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
 Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait. And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in Almighty grace, While all the armies of the akies Join in my glorious Leader's proise.

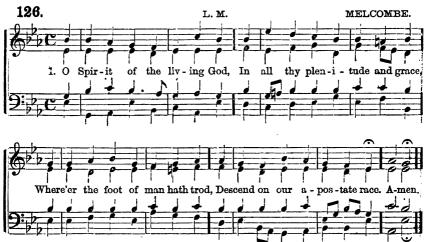




- 2 What greater gift, what greater love, Could God on man bestow? Angels for this rejoice above, Let man rejoice below.
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul Thy sacred influence feel;

Do thou each sinful thought control, And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.



2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the reconciling word; Give power and unction from above, Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light; Confusion, order, in thy path; Souls without strength inspire with might; Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify, Till every people call him Lord.



Our souls, how heavily they go, To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs. In vain we strive to rise;

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.



- 2 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete,
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high, Rich in thy seven-fold energy; Make us eternal truth receive, And practise all that we believe; Give us thyself, that we may see The Father and the Son by thee.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame, Attend the Almighty Father's name; The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died; And equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to thee.



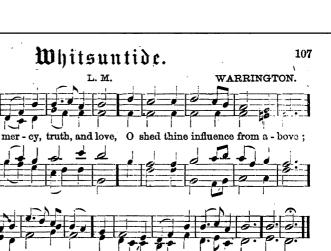
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind, One soul, one feeling breathe: The young, the old, inspire With wisdom from above; And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 - Unto the perfect day: Spirit of truth, be thou In life and death our Guide; O Spirit of adoption, now To pray, to praise, and love. May we be sanctified.

3 Spirit of light, explore

And chase our gloom away,

With lustre shining more and more







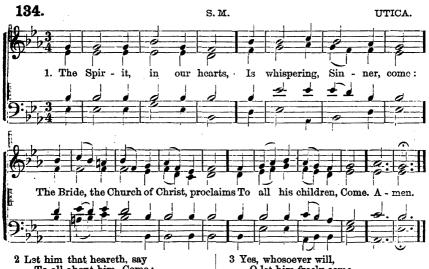
2 In every clime, by every tongue, Be God's surpassing glory sung: Let all the listening earth be taught The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

of

133.

1. Spir-it

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide Still o'er thy holy Church preside; Still let mankind thy blessings prove; Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.



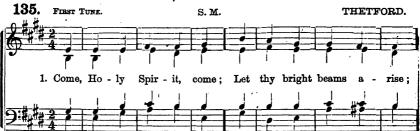
2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

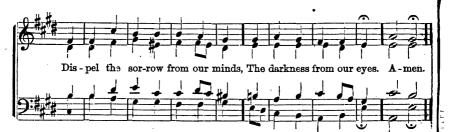
3 Yes, whosoever will, O let him freely come, And freely drink the stream of life: "Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.

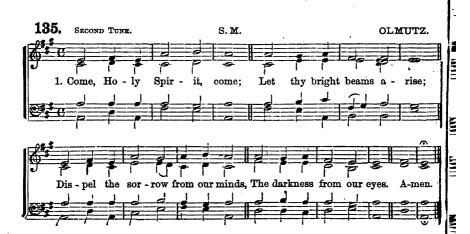
Lord! even so; I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.







- 2 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of our God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.









Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame; A-men.



when he came the second time, e came in power and love; er than gale at morning prime lovered his holy Dove.

fires that rush'd on Sinai down 1 sudden torrents dread, v gently light, a glorious crown, n every sainted head.

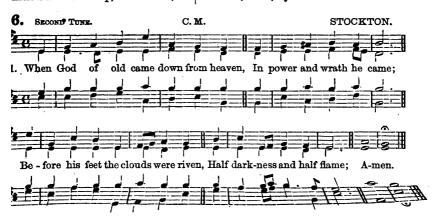
l as on Israel's awe-struck ear he voice exceeding loud,

trump, that angels quake to hear, hrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God Came down his flock to find, A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
 - A rushing, mighty wind. 6 It fills the Church of God; it fills The sinful world around; Only in stubborn hearts and wills

No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Open our ears to hear; Let us not miss th' accepted hour; Save, Lord, by love or fear.





Last line, 4th rerse, omit the first note.

Trinity Sunday.



- 2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee, Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see, Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
 Holy, holy. holy! merciful and mighty!

 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

To tae blessed Trinity.

Trinity Sunday.



Singing everlastingly

To the blessed Trinity.

Trinity Sunday.



2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King, The Lord, our righteousness, Triumphant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace; On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high The great archangels sing; And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry, "Almighty King, Who was, and is the same, And evermore shall be: Jehovah, Father, great I AM, We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.





2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name

3 To God, the Spirit's name, Immortal worship give, Whose new-creating power Makes the dead sinner live: His works completes the great design, And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God to thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Trinity Sunday.



- 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee, One Jehovah evermore, Father, Son, and Spirit, we, Dust and ashes, would adore; Lightly by the world esteemed, From that world by thee redeemed, Sing we here, with glad accord, Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Trinity Sunday.



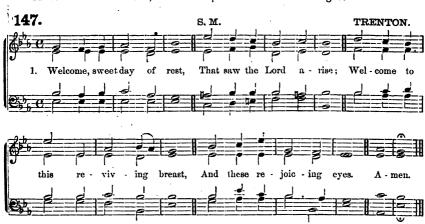
- 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory, Whom angelic hosts proclaim, While we hear thy wondrous story, Meet and worship in thy name, Dear Redeemer, In our hearts thy peace proclaim.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
 Come with unction from above,
 Raise our hearts to rapture higher,
 Fill them with the Saviour's love!
 Source of comfort,
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.
- 4 God the Lord, through every nation
 Let thy wondrous mercies shine!
 In the song of thy salvation
 Every tongue and race combine!
 Great Jehovah,
 Form our hearts and make them thine.



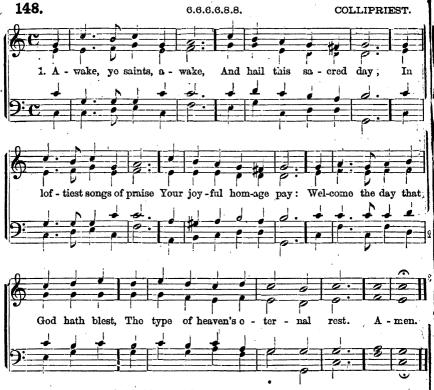
2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love, Life-giving, holy Dove, Speed forth thy flight! Move on the waters' face. Bearing the lamp of grace, And, in earth's darkest place Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!



- 2 The King himself comes near And feasts his saints to-day; Here may we sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day of prayer and praise His sacred courts within,
- Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And wait to hail the brighter day
 Of everlusting blis:



- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes:
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
 Ascend thy conquering car;
 While justice, truth, and love
 Maintain thy glorious war:
 This day let sinners own thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away.



- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- And bless his works, and bless his word;
 His works of grace, how bright they
 How deep his counsels, how divine! [shine!
- 4 I then shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desired or wished below; And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.



- 3 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore;
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
 And where thou art intrude no more:
 O may thy grace our spirits move,
 And fix our minds on things above!
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
 And bid thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear and warm the heart:
 Then shall the day indeed be thine;
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.



- 2 O King of Glory, come;
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy home,
 This people as thy own;
 Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 3 Now let thine ear attend
 Our supplicating cries;
 Now let our praise ascend,
 Accepted, to the skies:
 Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Spread its celestial influence round,
- 4 Here may the listening throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love;
 Here Christians join the song
 Of seraphim above:
 Till all who humbly seek thy face
 Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

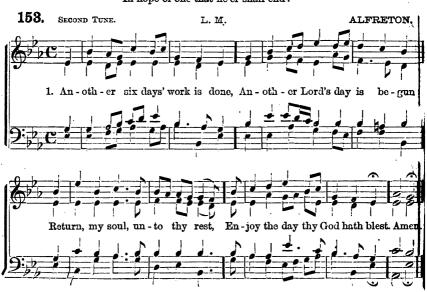


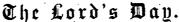


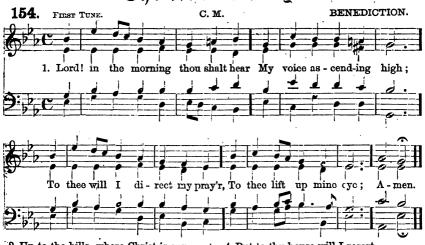
2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise | 3 That heavenly calm within the breast! As grateful incense to the skies! And draw from heaven that calm repose, Which none but he who feels it knows.

It is the pledge of that dear rest, Which for the Church of God remains,-The end of cares, the end of pains

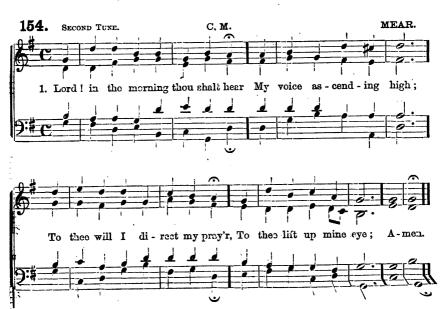
4 In holy duties, let the day, In holy pleasures pass away: How sweet a sabbath thus to spond, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!







- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet, In ways of righteousness, Make every path of duty straight, And plain before my face.

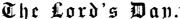




- 2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight, My heart shall gladden through the tedious day; And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid? Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid: Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given. AMEN.





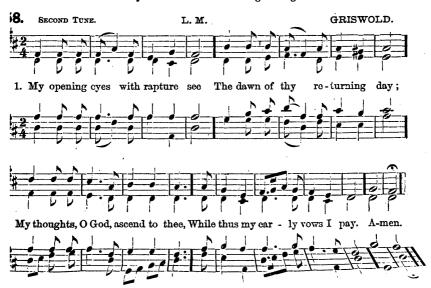
- O what a sun, which broke this day Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain, To bind our Lord in death; He shook their kingdom, when he fell, By his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies;
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand differing voices join To hail this welcome morn, Which scatters blessings from its wings On nations yet unborn.

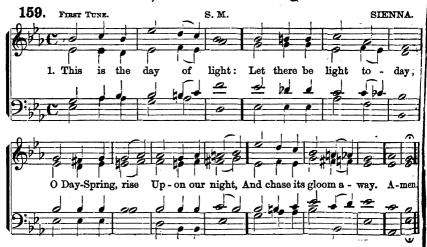




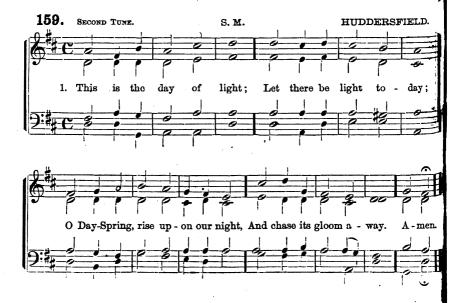
ield my heart to thee alone Nor would receive another guest; rnal King! erect thy throne, and reign sole monarch in my breast.

- 3 O bid this trifling world retire, And drive each carnal thought away; Nor let me feel one vain desire, One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.





- 2 This is the day of rest:
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed thou thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace:
 Thy peace our spirits fill;
 Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:
 Let earth to heaven draw near:
 Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days:
 Send forth thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise
 O Vanquisher of dçath!

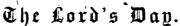




To thee, blest Three in One.

From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,

We view our promised land.

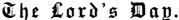


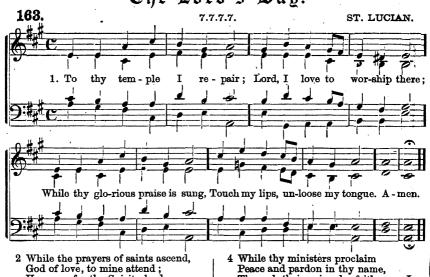


- 2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
- In life's dry dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.
- 4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna fall:
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

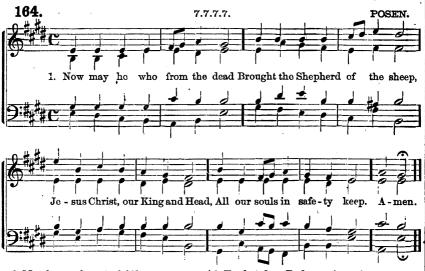


- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise To God, who is my only joy; And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise, Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why So much oppress'd with anxious care? On God, thy God, for aid rely, Who will thy rula'd state repair.





- Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads: Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law, Fill my soul with humble awe, Till thy Gospel bring to me Life and immortality.
- Through their voice, by faith, may I Hear thee speaking from the sky.
- 5 From thy house when I return, May my heart within me burn ; And at evening let me say,
- "I have walk'd with God to-day."



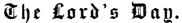
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil What is pleasing in his sight; Perfect us in all his will. And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise, Who the covenant sealed with blood. Let our hearts and voices raise Loud thanksgivings to our God!



2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy Gospel's joyful sound; May the fruit of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound: May thy presence With us evermore be found.

GLORIA PATRI.

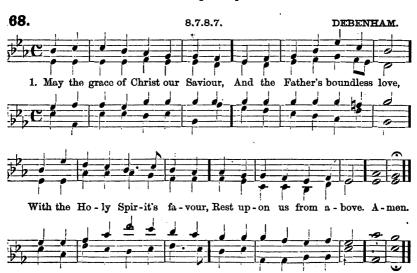
Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.







2 Though we are guilty, thou art good; Wash all our works in Jesus' blood; Give each fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.



2 Thus may we abide in union

With each other and the Lord,

And possess, in sweet communion,

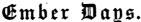
Joys which earth can not afford.

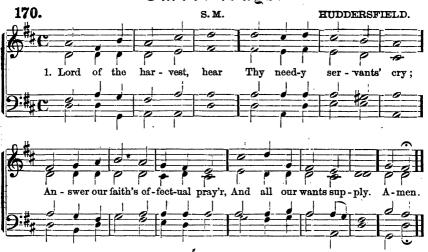
The Lord's Day.



- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way; With thee began, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night, Turn thou for us its darkness into light; From harm and danger keep thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.



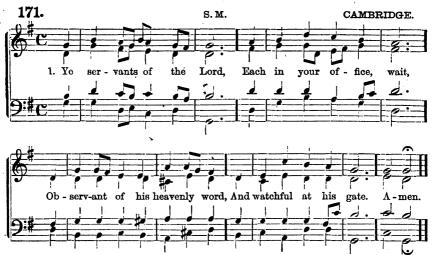




- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view;
 The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
 The labourers are few.
- 3 Anoint and send forth more Into thy Church abroad,

Thy Spirit on their spirits pour, And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name, Their mission fully prove; Thy universal grace proclaim, Thine all-deeming love.

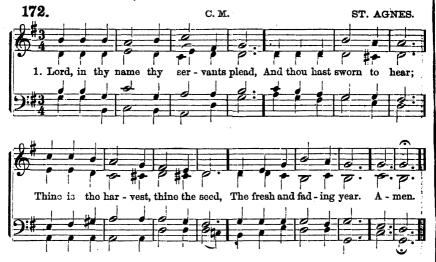


- 2 Let all your lamps be bright, And train the golden flame; Gird up your loins as in his sight, For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak he's near;

Mark the first signal of his hand, And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crown'd.

Rogation Days.

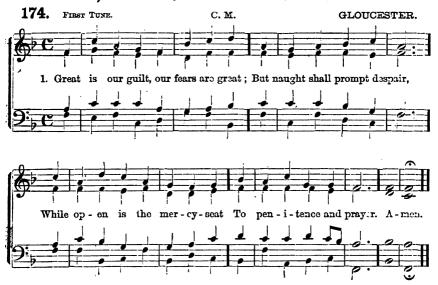


2 Grant us, with precious things brought forth By sun and moon below, A place in thy new heavens and earth, Where richer harvests grow.

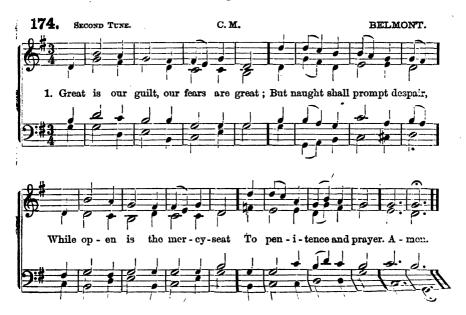


2 Let every land bemoan its sin,
 That wars and crimes may cease;
 And may thy pardoning grace bring in
 Sweet times of health and peace.

Rogation Days.



2 Kind Intercessor! to thy love This blest resource we owe: Thy merits plead for us above, While we implore below.





SAINT ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to welcome thee,

The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.

With hearts for thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,

Forward to lead our brethren to own thine advent near.

SAINT THOMAS.

3 All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove

Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy love.

On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy peace, O Lord,

And grant us faith to know thee, true Man,

true God, adored.

SAINT STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee ready stand

To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's. right hand.

Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,

On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the of martyr crown.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST. .

5 Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos'

Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead bore;

Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd.

May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be seal'd.

Other holy Days.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

e for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with nderest love early from the warfare to share the rest

ove.

hel! cease thy weeping, they rest from tins and cares. grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns

bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

e for the light from heaven, praise for e voice of awe,

for the glorious vision the persecutor Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify toiy: hten all our darkness with thy true

pirit's ray.

SAINT MATTHIAS.

thine abiding presence directs the wonous choice; ne in place of Judas the faithful now

joice. hurch from false Apostles for evermore fend,

y thy parting promise be with her to the

SAINT MARK.

im, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak grace made strong, ; labours and whose Gospel enrich our

umph-song.

ve in all our weakness find strength m thee supplied, [abide. l, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine,

AINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

raise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to reck and Jew, im surnamed thy brother; keep us thy

ethren true, rant the grace to know thee, the Way,

e Truth, the Life; strife. estle with temptations till victors in the

SAINT BARNABAS.

Son of Consolation, moved by thy law ing earthly treasures, sought riches from

th now teems with increase, let gifts of ace descend,

thy true consolations may through the orld extend.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

rue Elias, making a highway for the ord. phets last and greatest, he saw thy

us the rather blessed, who love thy gloous day.

SAINT PETER.

13 Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold:

Thrice failing, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep thy fold.

Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,

And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

SAINT JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword.

Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus

thy word. Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd

decree.

And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,

Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye allseeing knew.

Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites

That thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

SAINT MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,

Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.

From all unrighteous mammon O give us [follow thee. hearts set free, That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and

SAINT LUKE.

17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows

The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.

Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts [more. deign to pour,

And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever-SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day:

One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.

May we with zeal as carnest the faith of Christ maintain,

And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

raise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of 19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the e Word,

Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the ceaseless song;

For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee adore.

And, walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son, And God the Holv Spirit, Eternal Three in One; Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne, And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.





2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master in the sky, And call'd on him to save:

Like him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mortal pain,

He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came: Twelve valiant saints, their hope they And mock'd the cross and flame: knew, They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The lion's gory mane;

They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,

In robes of light array'd: They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven Through peril, toil, and pain:

O God! to us may grace be given To follow in their train!

Other holy Days.



- 2 Now with triumphal palms they stand Before the throne on high,
 - And serve the God they love amidst The glories of the sky.
 - His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes every mouth to sing;
 - By day, by night, the sacred courts With glad hosannas ring.
- 3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne Shall o'er them still preside;
 - Feed them with nourishment divine, And all their footsteps guide.
 - 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear,
 - And God the Lord from every eye Shall wipe off every tear.



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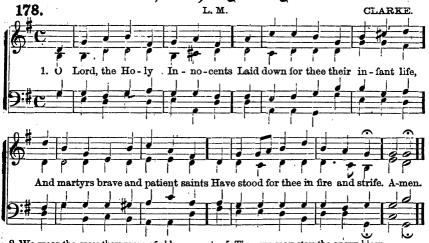
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Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
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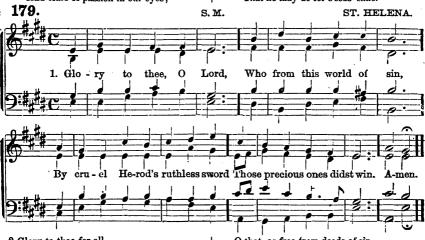
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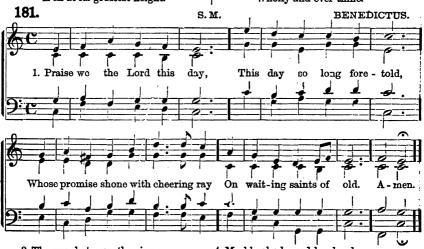
- 2 We wear the cross they wore of old, Our lips have learn'd like vows to make; We need not die; we cannot fight; What may we do for Jesus' sake?
- 3 O day by day each Christian child Has much to do, without, within; A death to die for Jesus' sake, A weary war to wage with sin.
- 4 When deep within our swelling hearts, The thoughts of pride and anger rise, When bitter words are on our tongues, And tears of passion in our eyes;
- 5 Then we may stay the angry blow, Then we may check the hasty word, Give gentle answers back again, And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 6 With smiles of peace and looks of love, Light in our dwellings we may make, Bid kind good-humour brighten there, And do all still for Jesus' sake.
- 7 There's not a child so weak and small But has his little cross to take, His little work of love and praise, That he may do for Jesus' sake.



- 2 Glory to thee for all The ransomed infant band, Who since that hour have heard thy call, And reach'd the quiet land.
- 3 O that our hearts within, Like theirs, were pure and bright;
- O that, as free from deeds of sin, We shrank not from thy sight.
- 4 Lord, help us every hour Thy cleaneing grace to claim; In life to glorify thy power. In death to praise thy name.



- 2 O wondrous, blessed sight! To faithful eyes made known, That lowly babe—the mighty God, The Prince of Peace, they own.
- 3 And now this temple shines With glory far more bright Than e'er the former temple saw, E'en at its greatest height.
- 4 The cloud indeed was there, The symbol of the Lord; But here the Lord himself appears, The true, incarnate Word.
- 5 Blest Saviour, come once more With power and grace divine; Our hearts thy living temples make, Wholly and ever thine.

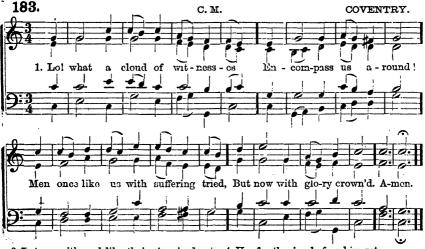


- 2 The prophet gave the sign
 For faithful men to read;
 Δ virgin born of David's line,
 Shall bear the promised Seed.
- 3 Ask not how this should be, But worship and adore, Like her whom heaven's majesty Came down to shadow o'er.
- 4 Meekly she bowed her head To hear the gracious word, Mary, the pure and lowly maid, The favoured of the Lord.
- 5 Blessed shall be her name
 In all the Church on earth,
 Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
 The incarnate Saviour's birth.

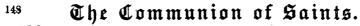
The Communion of Saints.

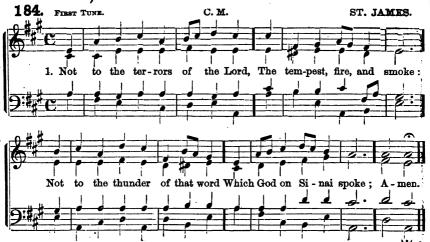


- 2 Seraphim his praises sing, Cherubim on fourfold wing, Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers, Ranks of Might that never cowers.
- 3 Angel hosts his word fulfil, Ruling nature by his will: Round his throne archangels pour Songs of praise for evermore.
- 4 Yet on man they joy to wait, And that bright celestial state, For true Man their Lord they see, Christ, the incarnate Deity.
- 5 On the throne our Lord who died Sits in manhood glorified, Where his people faint below Angels count it joy to go.

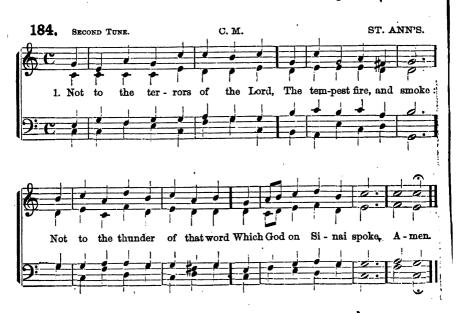


- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
 Strive in the Christian race;
 And, freed from every weight of sin,
 Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still, Who trod affliction's path— Jesus, the Author, Finisher, Bawarder of our faith:
- 4 He, for the joy before him set, And moved by pitying love, Endured the cross, despised the shame, And now he reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind, Press we, to God's right hand; There, with the Saviour and his sainton Triumphantly to stand.

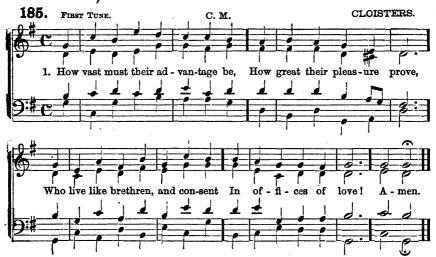




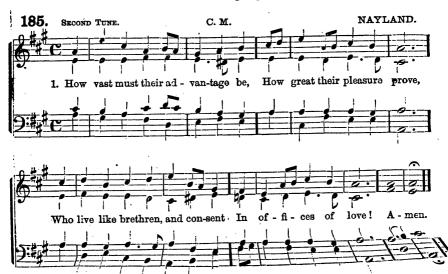
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill, The city of our God; Where milder words declare his will, And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host , Of angels clothed in light: Behold the spirits of the just, Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there Whose names are writ in heaven; Hear God, the Judge of all, declare Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead, But one communion make: And join in Christ, their living Head And of his love partake.



The Communion of Saints.



- 2 True love is like the precious oil, Which, poured on Aaron's head, Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes Its costly fragrance shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does On Hermon's top distil; Or like the early drops that fall On Sion's favour'd hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat
 Where the Almighty King
 The promised blessing has ordain'd,
 And life's eternal spring.





Is fair and fruitful, be thy name adored. Alleluia.

3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye, Saw the bright crown descending from the sky, And died to grasp it, thee we glorify.

Alleluia.

187.

10.10.10.4.

BARNBYS.

3 13

1 For all the saints, who from their labours rest, Who thee by faith before the world confess'd, Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blezs'd.

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might: Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light. Alleluia.
- 3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Allelaia

The Communion of Suints.

4 O blest Communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia.

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia.
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west; Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest; Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.

Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; The saints triumphant rise in bright array; The King of Glory passes on his way.

Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia.

1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove That have made sure the prize,

And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise. A - men.

st all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
rr all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.
se family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
sough now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
se army of the living God,
To his command we bow;

Part of his host have cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now.

- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join, Like theirs with glory crown'd; And shout to see our Captain's sign, To hear his trumpet sound.
- 6 Then, Lord of hosts, be thou our guide, And we, at thy command, Through waves that part on either side, Shall reach thy blessed land.



2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet, Who prepared the way of Christ, King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr and Evangelist, Saintly maiden, godly matron, Widows who have watched to prayer, Joined in holy concert, singing To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with thy cross their bann They have triumph'd, following Thee, the Captain of salvation,

Thee, their Saviour and their Ki Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer Gladly, Lord, with thee they diec And by death to life immortal

They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,

Now they reign in heavenly giory, Now they walk in golden light, Now they drink, as from a river, Holy bliss and infinite:

Love and peace they taste for ever, And all truth and knowledge see In the beatific vision Of the blessed Trinity.



- 2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove; Who can faint, while such a river Ever flowatheir thirst t' assuage? Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.



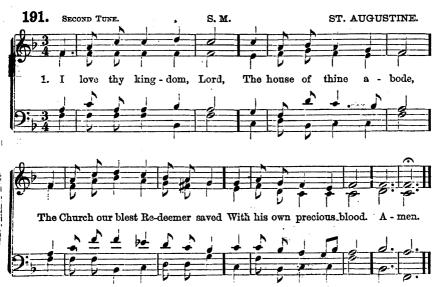
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove;
- 4 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
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 Never fails from age to age.
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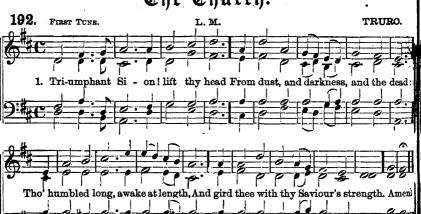
- 2 I love thy Church, O God; Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

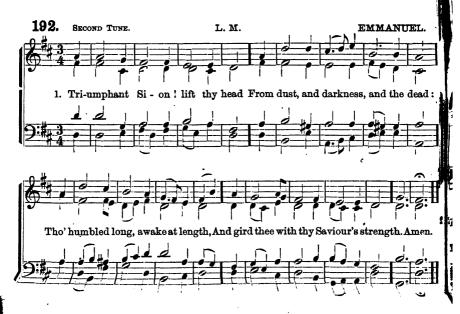
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Sion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

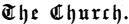






- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer, His hand thy ruins shall repair: Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace.







2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed:
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favour'd mount.

3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall
O Sion, seat of Israel's King, [raise:
Be mine to drink thy living spring!



- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still The city of our Lord shall fill, The royal seat of God most high: God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers, While his Almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 Submit to God's Almighty sway,
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.







- 2 Our sacrifice is one, Our Priest before the throne, The slain, the risen Son, Redeemer, Lord alone! And sighs from contrite hearts that spring Our chief, our choicest offering.
- 4 Head of thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.



- 2 Angels! archangels! glorious
 Guards of the Church victorious!
 Worship the Lamb!
 Crown him with crowns of light,
 One of the Three by right—
 Love, majesty, and might—
 The great I AM!
- 3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
 March o'er yon heavenly regions
 In triumph round:
 Wave high your banners, wave!
 Your God, our Saviour, clave
 For death itself a grave,
 In hell profound!
- 4 Saints! in fair circles, casting
 Rich trophies everlasting
 At Jesus' feet,
 Amidst our rude alarms,
 We stretch forth suppliant arms,
 That we, too, safe from harms,
 In heaven may meet!
- 5 Saviour! in glory beaming,
 With radiance brightly streaming,
 Enthroned in power,
 Grant, by thy awful name,
 That we through flood and flame
 The Gospel may proclaim,
 Till life's last hour.



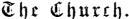
- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
 The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
 Their glory I survey;
 I view her mansions that contain
 The angel host, a beauteous train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
 Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
 Borne on immortal wing;
 There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
 In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
 Before th' Almighty King.
- 4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
 Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
 For evermore shall dwell:
 Let me, blest seat! my name behold
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 And bid the world farewell.



- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round thy altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest,
 In a heavenly Father's breast!
 Like the wandering dove, that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow, Ever in this vale of woe; Waters in the desert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies;
- On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach thy throne at length; At thy feet adoring fall, Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
 Guide me through a world of sin,
 Keep me by thy saving grace,
 Give me at thy side a place;
 Sun and shield alike thou art;
 Guide and guard my crimg heart;
 Grace and glory flow from thee;
 Shower, O shower them, Lord on me.



2 Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we sought thy rest in vain; Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest-tost; Low at thy feet our sins we lay; Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.





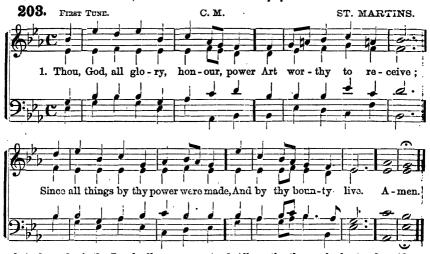
2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saiuts their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

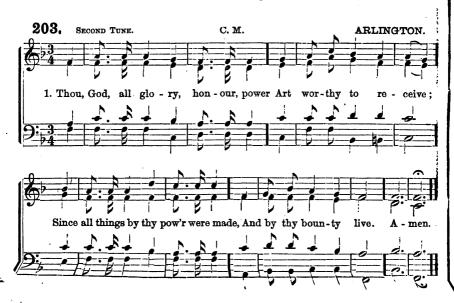
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

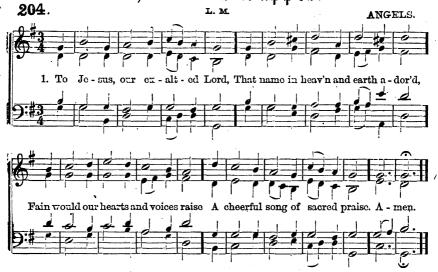
5 Yet she on earth hath union

With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and low!;
On high may dwell with thee.



- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power, Honour, and wealth to gain, Glory and strength; who for our sins A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd And ransom'd us to God, From every nation, every coast, By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power, By all in earth and heaven, To him that sits upon the throne, And to the Lamb, be given.





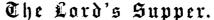
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know Are weak, and languishing, and low; Far, far above our humble songs, The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet, And worship at his sacred feet,

O let our warm affections move In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore, But long to know and love thee more; And, whilst we take the bread and wine, Desire to feed on joys divine.



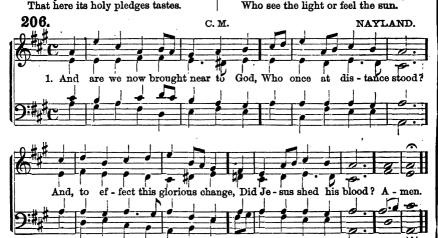
- Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- \$ O let thy table honour'd be, And furnish'd well with joyful guests; And may each soul salvation see, That here its holy pledges tastes.
- 4 Draw by thy quickening grace, O Lord, In countless numbers let them come; And gather from their Father's board The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run; Till with this bread all men be bleet, Who see the light or feel the sun.





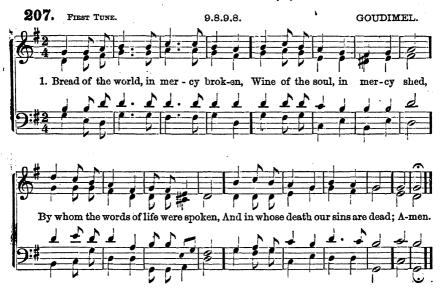
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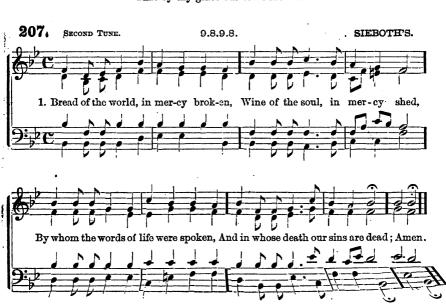


- 2 O for a song of ardent praise, To bear our souls above! What should allay our lively hope, Or damp our flaming love?
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs, To praise our heavenly King:
- O may that love which spread this board, Inspire us while we sing:
- 4 "Glory to God in highest strains, And to the earth be peace;
 - Good-will from heaven to men is come, And let it never cease."

The Lord's Supper.



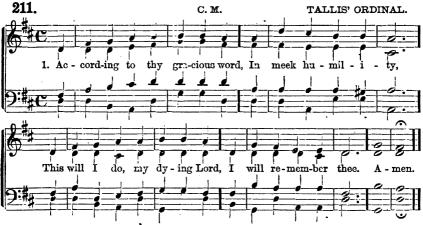
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken, Look on the tears by sinners shed; And be thy feast to us the token That by thy grace our souls are fed.







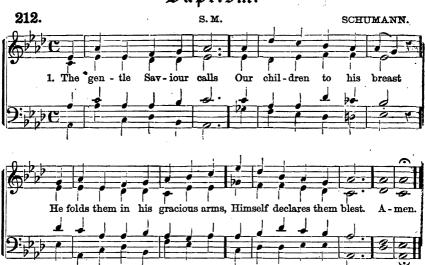
- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak, As thou when here below, Our souls the joys celestial seek Which from thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone, But by that word of grace, In strength of which we travel on To our abiding-place.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread, But do not then depart; Saviour, abide with us, and spread Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine; Thy body and thy blood, That living bread, that heavenly wine, Be our immortal food.



- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; Thy sacramental cup I take, And thus remember thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget? Or there thy conflict see, Thine agony and bloody sweat, And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary,
- O Lamb of God, my sacrifice, I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains, And all thy love to me; Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains, Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come, Jesus, remember me.



Baptism.



- 2 "Let them approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble claim; The heirs of heaven are such as these, For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord, Devoting them to thee, Imploring that, as we are thine, Thine may our offspring be.



Fold them in thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy word believing, Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey;

Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal, Let them find a resting-place; Feed in pastures ever vernal, Drink the rivers of thy grace.

3

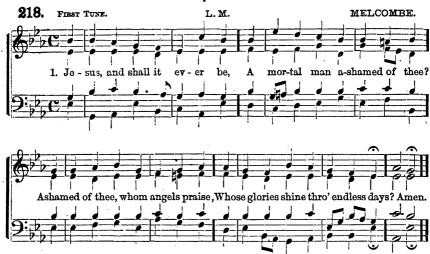




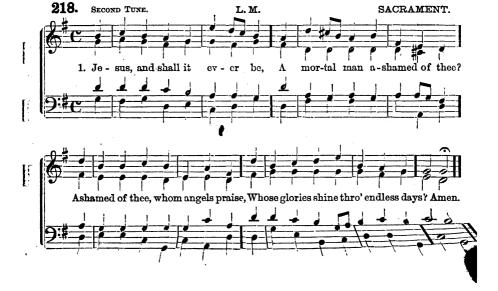
O let them ne'er forgotten be;



Baptism.



- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let night disown each radiant star; "Tis midnight with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
 Let morning blush to own the sun;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! sinful pride;
 I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
 And O may this my portion be,
 My Saviour not ashamed of me.



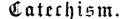


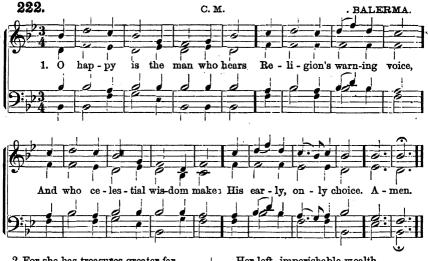
- 2 The loving Lord retaineth
 His love to children still,
 Though now as King he reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill;
 We'll flock around his banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, Hosanna
 To David's royal Son:
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.
 Hosanna to Jesus our King.





- His favour sought to win! 4 Such men their utmost caution use To shun each wicked deed;
- But in the path which he directs With constant care proceed.
- Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will Might o'er my ways preside: And I the course of all my life By thy direction guide!

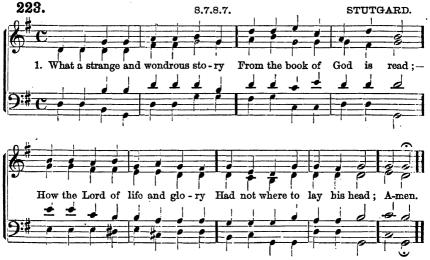




- 2 For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; More precious are her bright rewards Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just Immortal, happy days;

Her left, imperishable wealth And heavenly crowns displays.

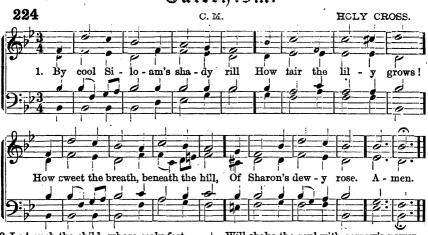
4 And, as her holy labours rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.



- 2 How he left his throne in heaven, Here to suffer, bleed, and die, That my soul might be forgiven, And ascend to God on high!
 3 Father! let thy Holy Spirit
- 3 Father! let thy Holy Spirit Still roveal a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit Glory where he reigns above.

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.



2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet The paths of peace have trod,

Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must decay:

The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour

3 Give us holy freedom,

Draw us, holy Jesu, To the realms above.

Fill our hearts with love;

Will shake the soul with scrrow's power, And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found Within thy Father's thrine,

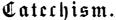
Whose years, with changeless virtue Were all alike divine: [crown'd,

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace alone, In childhood, manhood, age and death,

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,

Son of God most high, Pitving, loving Saviour, Hear thy Children's cry.

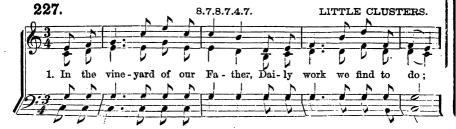
Of man's maturer age To keep us still thine own. 225. 6.5.6.5. STAINEY. of high, meck and Son God most J٥ su, gen tle Hear thy children's Sav lov ing - iour, Λ - men. 2 Pardon our offences, 4 Lead us on our journey, Loose our captive chains, Be thyself the way Break down every idol Through terrestrial Carkness, Which our soul detains. To celestial day.

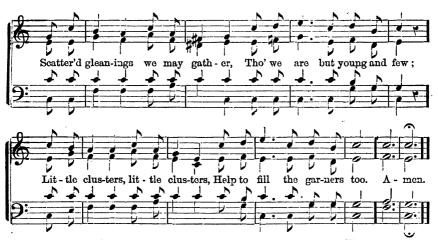




That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I thus earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children shall be with him there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I wish they could know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus had bid them to come.





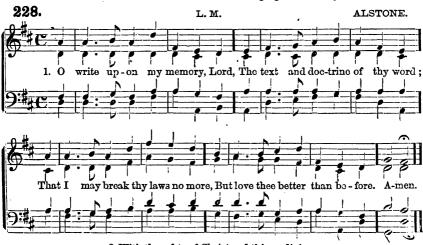
- 2 Toiling early in the morning, Catching moments through the day,
 - Nothing small or lowly scorning
 While we work, and watch, and pray;
 Gathering gladly

Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory, Not for objects nothing worth, But to send the blessed story Of the Gospel o'er the earth, Telling mortals Of our Lord and Saviour's birth. 4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in his kingdom come,
And his children

Reac's their everlasting home.

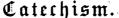
5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour, Heavenly Father, may we be; And for ever, and for ever, We will give the praise to thee; Hallelujah Singing, all eternity.



2 With thoughts of Christ and things divine, Fill up this sinful heart of mine: That hoping pardon through his blood, I may lie down and wak; with God.



- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Let us early turn to thee.
- 3 Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us learn thy will;
 Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still.



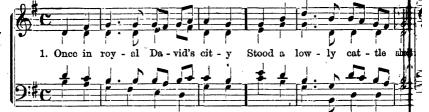








3.7.3.7.7.7.







- 2 He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And his shelter was a stable,
 And his cradle was a stall;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all his wondrous childhood, He would honour and obey, Love, and watch the lowly maiden In whose gentle arms he lay; Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as he.
- 4 For he is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us he grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us he knet
 And he feeleth for our sadness,
 And he shareth in our gladness.

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5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming lov
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

IC

1

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.







- 2 Man may trouble and distress me, "Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 - O'tis not in grief to harm m?, While thy love is left to me;
 - O'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
- 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear:
- Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's smile is thine; What a Saviour died to win thee; Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to graise.



- 2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day; Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul.

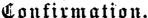


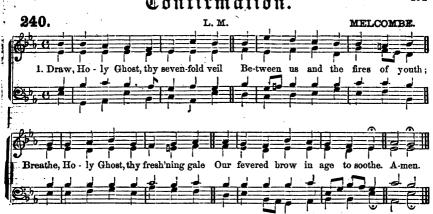
2 That long as life itself shall last, Ourselves to Christ we yield; Nor from his cause will we depart, Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength, But on his grace rely, That, with returning wants, the Lord Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright, And keep us in thy ways; And, while we turn our vows to prayers, Turn thou our prayers to praise.







2 For ever on our souls be traced This blessing from the Saviour's hand, A sheltering rook in memory's waste, O'ershadowing all the weary land.



And, tokens of thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
Bless, thee, O Lord, thy children's prayer,

That they may come and find thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone At holy time, or solemn rite; But every hour till life be flown,

In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again? Thy children ask one blessing more; To come, not now alone;—but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be

Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.



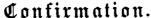


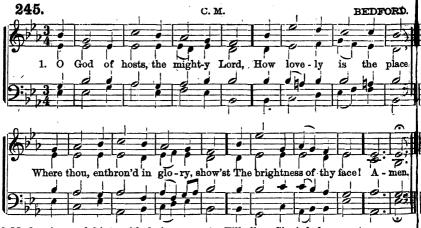


- 2 He those in justice guides
 Who his direction seek;
 And in his sacred paths shall lead
 The humble and the meek.
 - 3 Through all the ways of God Both truth and mercy shine,
- To such as, with religious hearts, To his blest will incline.
- 4 For God to all his saints
 His secret will imparts,
 And does his gracious covenant write
 In their obedient hearts.



- 2 O Lord, thy saving grace
 We joyfully declare;
 Our banner in thy name we raise—
 "The Lord fulfil our prayer!"
- 3 Now know we that the Lord His chosen will defend; From heaven will strength divine afford, And will their prayer attend.





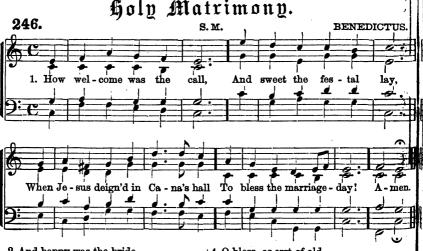
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire To view thy blest abode;
 - My panting heart and flesh cry out For thee, the living God.

That to thy dwelling lead.

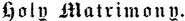
- 3 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee Their sure protection made, Who long to tread the sacred ways
- 4 Thus they proceed from strength to And still approach more near; [strength,

Till all on Sion's holy mount Before their God appear.

- 5 For God, who is our sun and shield, Will grace and glory give; And no good thing will he withhold
- And no good thing will he withhold From them that justly live. 6 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
- How highly bless'd is he, Whose hope and trust, securely placed, Are still reposed on thee!



- 2 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart
 For he who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love, Come thou again to-day; And bring a blessing from above That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 O bless, as erst of old,
 The bridegroom and the bride;
 Bless with the holier stream that flow'd
 Forth from thy pierced side.
- 5 Before thine alter throne
 This mercy we implore;
 As thou dost knit them. Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.



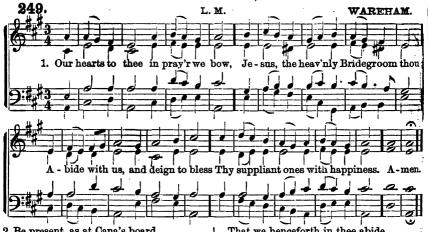


2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in their fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.



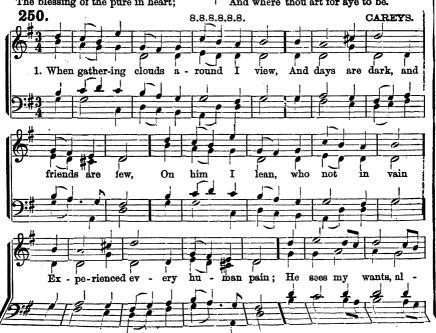
- 2 Still in the pure espousal Of Christian man and maid, The holy Three are with us, The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, awful Father, To give away this bride, As Eve thou gav'st to Adam Out of his own pierced side:
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
 To join their loving hands,
 As thou didst bind two natures
 In thine eternal bands!
- 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
 To bless them as they kneel,
 As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
 The heavenly spouse dost stal!
- 6 O spread thy pure wing o'er them, Let no ill power find place, When onward to thine altar Their hallowed path they trace,
- 7 To east their crowns before thee In perfect eacrifice, Till to the home of gladness With Christ's own bride they rise.

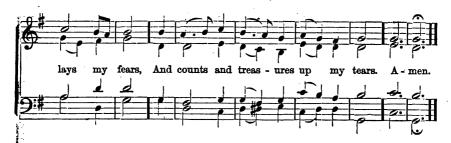




- 2 Be present, as at Cana's board, With high and awful blessings stored; To ask is ours, but only thine To turn the water into wine.
- 3 Call'd to the marriage, thou dost shed New grace upon the newly wed; Be theirs to seek thy presence dear, And seeking, find it ever near.
- 4 O Christ, do thou to us impart The blessing of the pure in heart;

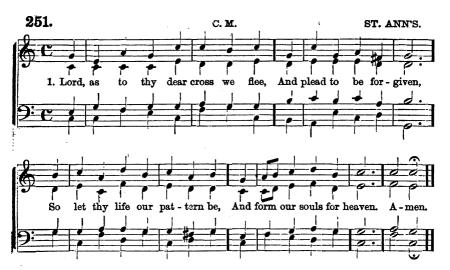
- That we henceforth in thee abide, True members of the spotless bride.
- 5 More bright that crown, than bridal wreath, Which waits the faithful unto death; And brighter than the bridegroom's joy The bliss which never hath alloy.
- 6 Lord, grant us so to watch and guard That this may be our great reward: With virgin souls to follow thee, And where thou art for aye to be.





- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do;

 Still he who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise, And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies; Still he who once vouchsafed to bear Such bitter conflict with despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while, Thou Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
 My bed of death, for thou hast died:
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.



- 2 Help us, through good report and ill, Our daily cross to bear; Like thee, to do our Father's will, Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel, Our earthliness refine; And kindness in our bosoms dwell, As free and true as thine.
- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly, And grief's dark day come on, We in our turn would meekly cry, "Father, thy will be done."
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife, Forgiving and forgiven, O may we lead the pilgrim's life, And follow thee to beaven.





2 When storms of flerce temptation beat, And furious foes assail,

My refuge is the mercy-seat, My hope within the veil.

From strife of tongues and bitter words My spirit flies to thee:

Joy to my heart the thought affords, My Saviour died for me.

3 Mid trials heavy to be borne, When mortal strength is vain,

A heart with grief and anguish torn,

A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest, Bid every murmur flee, But this, the witness in my breast

That Jesus died for me?

4 And when thine awful voice commands This body to decay, And life, in its last lingering sands, Is ebbing fast away,-Then, though it be in accents weak, And faint and tremblingly, O give me strength in death to speak,

My Saviour died for me.



4 It is that hope with ardour glows

To see him fuce to face,

From earth-born woe and care,

My Saviour's bliss to share!

And soar above these clouds of night





2 Whate'er my God ordains is right; He never will deceive; He leads me by the proper path, And so to him I cleave, And take content What he hath sent; His hand can turn my griefs away, And patiently I wait his day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

My Light, my Life is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right:

We soon shall see, as sunlight clear, How faithful was our Guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;

Here will I take my stand.

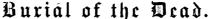
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth²
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fell.

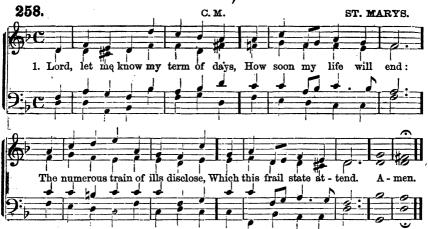
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He holds me that I shall not fall; And so to him I leave it all.





2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

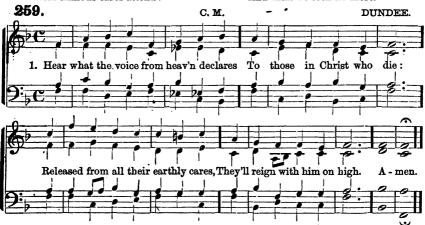
3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys With anxious cares attend?

On thee alone my steadfast hope Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears, And listen to my prayer, Who sojourn like a stranger here, As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time; My wasted strength restore, Before I vanish quite from hence And shall be seen no more.



2 Then why lament departed friends, Or shake at death's alarms? Death's but the servant Jesus sends To call us to his arms.

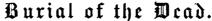
3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

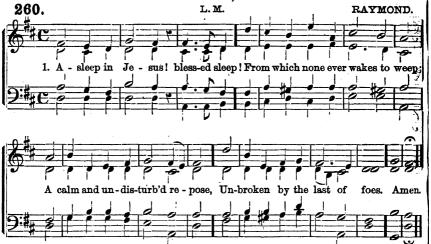
4 The grave of all his saints he bless'd, When in the grave he lay: And, rising thence, their hopes he raised To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have, To Christ, our life, we'll sing,

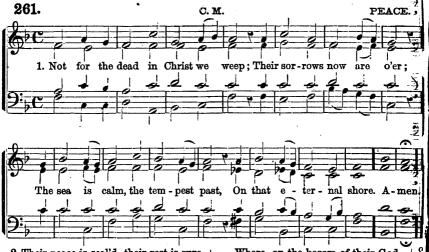
"Where is thy victory, O grave?"
And where, O death, thy sting?"







- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death hath lost its painful sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.



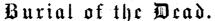
2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure, Within that better home;

- A while we weep and linger here, Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss Nor trance of rapture show
- Where, on the bosom of their God, They rest from human woe;

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4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume, And teach the chasten'd mind To welcome all that's left of good, To all that's lost resign'd.





2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone

Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

4 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.



In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Then dost now with inv receive it:

Thou dost now with joy receive it; Clothed in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with thee in light. 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see.
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove.
Though thou take what most we love



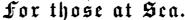
For those at Sea.

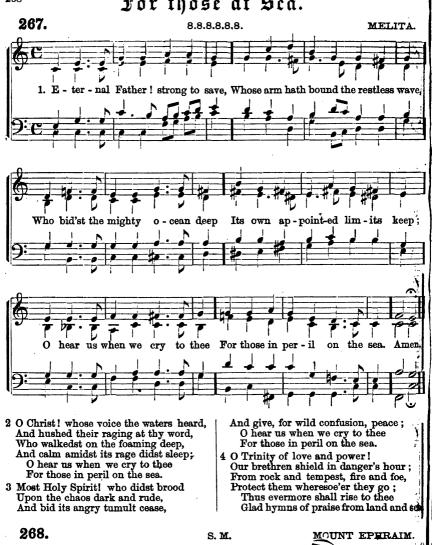


3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

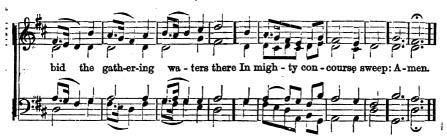








For those at Sea.



- 2 Toss'd in our reeling bark On this tumultuous sea, Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark, And lift our hearts to thee.
- 3 Jesus is nigh, who trod Of old that foaming spray,
- Whose billows own'd the incarnate God, And died in calm away.
- 4 Though swells the threatening tide, Mounting to heaven above, We know in whom our souls confide, And fearless trust his love.



- 2 Though they through foreign lands should | 5 To thee I raised my humble prayer, And breathe the tainted air In burning climates, far from home,
- Yet thou, their God, art there. 3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil, Makes every country please; Thou on the snowy hills dost smile, And smooth'st the rugged seas.

And sorrow in each heart:

- When waves on waves, on heaven uprear'd, Defied the pilot's art; When terror in each face appear'd,
- To snatch me from the grave: I found thine ear not slow to hear, Nor short thine arm to save.
- 6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease, The storms obey'd thy will, The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
- And every wave was still. 7 For this, my life, in every state,
 - A life of praise shall be; And death, when death shall be my fate, Shall join my soul to thee.



Ordination.

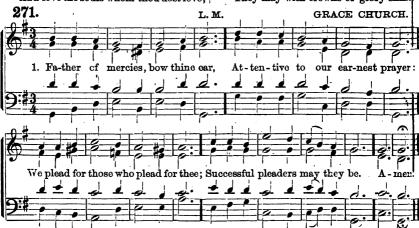


Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

4 To love, and pray, and never faint, By day and night their guard to keep, To warn the sinner, form the saint, To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
 They may in hope their charge resign;
 So, when their Master shall appear,
 They may with crowns of glory shine



2 How great their work, how vast their charge;

Do thou their anxious souls enlarge; Their best acquirements are our gain; We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
Teach them to sow the precious seed.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed, Teach them thy chosen flock to feed; Teach them immortal souls to gain—Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around Hear from their lips the joyful sound; In humble strains thy grace implore, And feel thy new-creating power,

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms to spread,

And Sion rear her drooping head.

Ordination.



- 2 See the Rivers four that gladden With their streams the better Eden Planted by our Lord most dear; Christ the fountain, these the waters; Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters, Drink and find salvation here.
- 3 O that we, thy truth confessing,
 And thy holy word possessing,
 Jesu, may thy love adore;
 Unto thee our voices raising,
 Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
 Ever and for evermore.





2 The joyful news to all impart, And teach them where salvation lies; With care bind up the broken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes

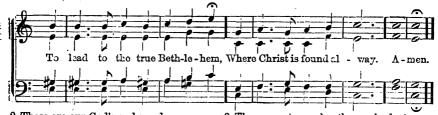
3 Be wise as serpents, where you go, But harmless as the peaceful dove; And let your heaven-taught conduct show That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received, Freely, in love, to others give; Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your labours, sinners live.

Consecration of Bishops.



Laying of a Corner Stone.



2 These are our God's ambassadors,
By whom his mind we know;
God's angels in his nether heaven;
His heralds here below!

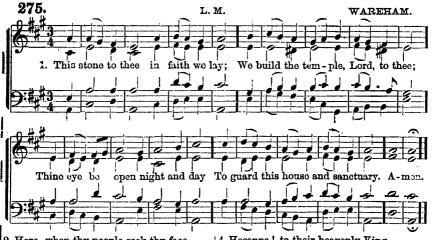
Sprinkled by them, the souls arise
That did in Adam die,
And, fed by them with bread from h

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And, fed by them with bread from heaven, Were train'd for rest cn high.

3 Thy servants speak; thou only dost
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but thou alone
Dost bid the waters flow.
They seek, but only thou hast skill
To bring the wanderers home:
They call, but thy love must compel,
And then the invited come.

4 Lord, thou art in them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray;
The twelve bright banners march before,
And show us Canaan's way.
Bless we thy name who grants us here
To sing in Sion's ways.
And then, on heavenly Sion's hill,
To sing eternal praise.



2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim The blessed Gospel or thy Son, Still by the power of his great name Be mighty signs and wonders done. 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing [long.
And heaven with earth the strain pro-

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign Here to abide, no transient guest? Here will the world's Redeemer reign? And here the Holy Spirit rest?

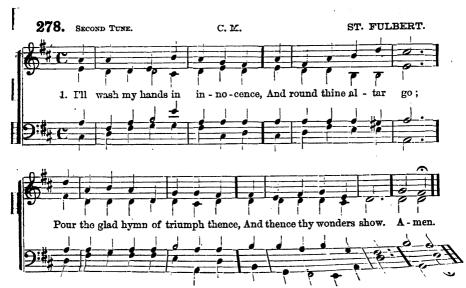
6 That glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.







2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell How thy renown excels; That seat affords me most delight, In which thine honour dwells.







2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh:
 In copious shower
 On all who pray
 Each holy day
 Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away.

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And ever wish thee well, For Sion and the temple's sake,

Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls

A constant guest be found ;

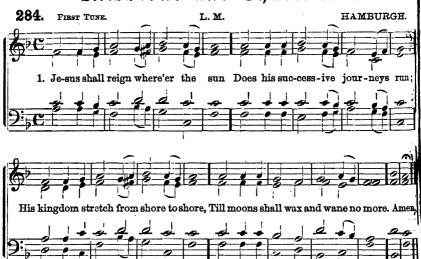


- 2 All that dedicated city, Dearly loved of God on high, In exultant jubilation Pours perpetual melody; God the One in Three adoring In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day: With thy wonted loving-kindness, Hear thy servants as they pray; And thy fullest benediction Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 What they ask of thee to gain,
 What they gain from thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in thy glory
 Evermore with thee to reign.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
 Praise and honour to the Son,
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 One in might, and One in glory.
 While eternal ages run.

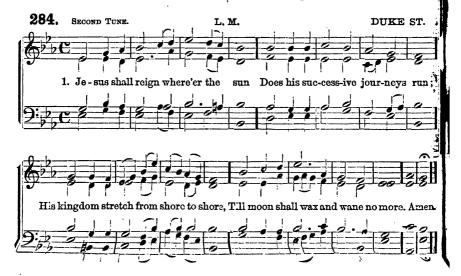


- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high;
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

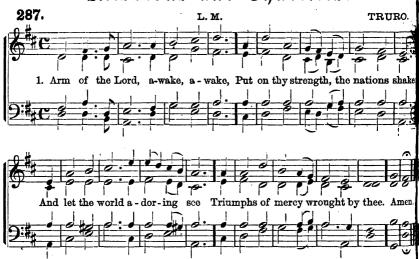




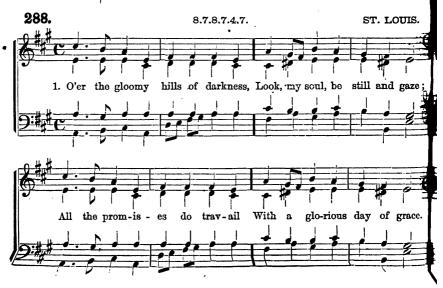
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honours to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen.





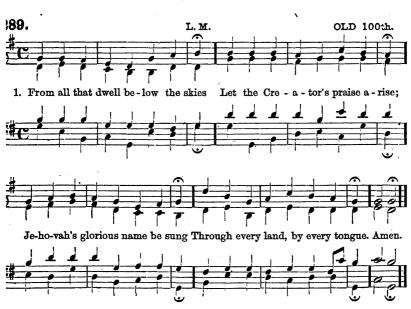


- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,I am Jehovah, God alone:Thy voice their idols shall confound,And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Sion's time of favour come; O bring the tribes of Israel home; And let our wondering eyes behold Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim In every clime, of every name; Let adverse powers before thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.



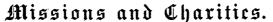


- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night:
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease:
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase:
 May thy sceptre
 Sway the enlighten'd world around.



2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, And truth eternal is thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.



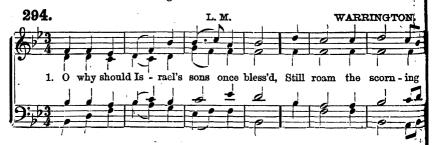








- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,
 The desert features soon were lost;
 Thy temples there arose;
 Our shores, as culture made them fair,
 Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
 And blossomed as the rose.
- 3 And O may we repay this debt
 To regions solitary yet
 Within our spreading land:
 There, brethren, from our common hope,
 Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
 Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
 O shed thy spirit from above,
 To move each Christian breast;
 Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
 And temples rise to fix thy name,
 Through all our desert west.



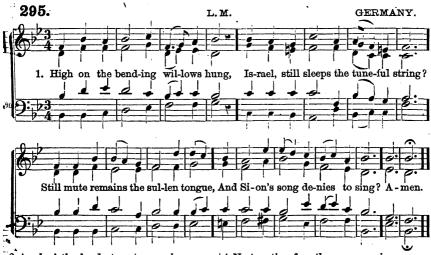


2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain, [light; Which hides their Shiloh's glorious

The sever'd olive-branch again To its own parent stock unite.

4 Haste, glorious day, expected long, When Jew and Greek one prayer shall With eager feet one temple throng, [raise One God with grateful rapture praise.



2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise; Let harp and voice unite their strains; Thy promised King his sceptre sways; Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,

In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung, Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string? Why mute remains the sullen tongue, And Sion's song delays to sing?





- 2 But thou hast needy brethren here, Partakers of thy grace, Whose humble names thou wilt confe
 - Whose humble names thou wilt confess Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In their sad accents of distress
 Thy pleading voice is heard;
 In them thou may'st be clothed, and fad:
 And visited, and cheer'd.

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4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.

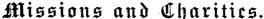


- 2 The seeds which piety and love

 Have scatter'd here below,

 In the fair fertile fields above

 To ample harvests grow.
- 3 All that my willing hands can give At Jesus feet I lay; Grace shall the humble gift receive Abounding grace repay.





And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find c balm for woe,

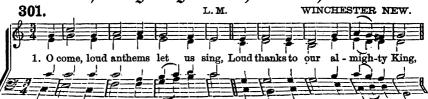
6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord
We do it unto thee.

It is a Christ-like thing.

And homes are bare and cold,







Thanksgiving.



- 2 Into his presence let us haste To thank him for his favours past; To him address, in joyful songs, The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state, Is with unrivall'd glory great;

The depths of earth are in his hand, Her secret wealth at his command.

4 O let us to his courts repair, And bow with adoration there; Low on our kne's with reverence fall, And on the Lord our Maker call.



- 2 All the blessings of the fields, All the stores the garden yields, Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain: Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful yows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews, Suns that genial warmth diffuse, All the plenty summer pours, a Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores; Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn proise.

Thanksgiving.



In whom

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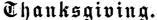
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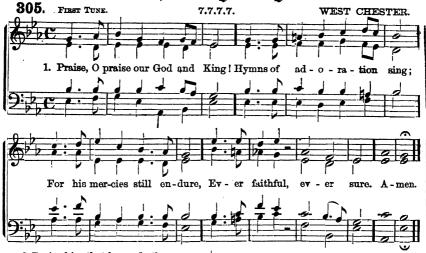
Who wondrous things hath done,



- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear Propitious to his people's prayer; And though deliverance he may stay, Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land, Still saved by thine Almighty hand, The tribute of its love to bring To thee, our Saviour and our King.







- 2 Praise him that he made the sun Day by day his course to run; For his mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure:
- 3 And the silver moon by night, Shining with her gentle light; For his mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise him that he gave the rain To mature the swelling grain; For his mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure:
- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field Crops of precious increase yield;

For his mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 Praise him for our harvest-store He has fill'd the garner-floor; For his mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure:
- 7 And for richer food than this, Pledge of everlasting bliss; For his mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Glory to our bounteous King! Glory let creation sing! Glory to the Father, Son, And blest Spirit, Three in One.



Thanksgiving.



- 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his harvest home: From his field shall in that day All offences purge away; Give his angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to store In his garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final Harvest-home:
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There for ever purified,
 In thy presence to abide:
 Come with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home.



National Festivals.



- In the nation thou hast blest May well thy love declare, From foes and fears at rest, Protected by thy care.
 For this fair land,
 For this bright day,
 Our thanks we pay—
 Gifts of thy hand.
- 3 May every mountain height, Each vale and forest green, Shine in thy word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen! May every tongue Be tuned to praise, And join to raise A grateful song.
- 4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
 The great Redeemer own,
 Believe, obey, rejoice,
 And worship him alone;
 Cast down thy pride,
 Thy sin deplore,
 And bow before
 The Crucified.
- 5 And when in power he comes,
 O may our native land,
 From all its rending tombs,
 Send forth a glorious band;
 A countless throng
 Ever to sing
 To heaven's high King
 Salvation's song.







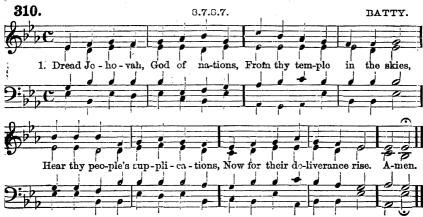
2 Lord God, we worship thee!
For thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down thy grace,
And strife and war thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to thee!

3 Lord God, we worship thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still thy anger spares,
And still thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship thee!

National Festivals.



National Fasts.

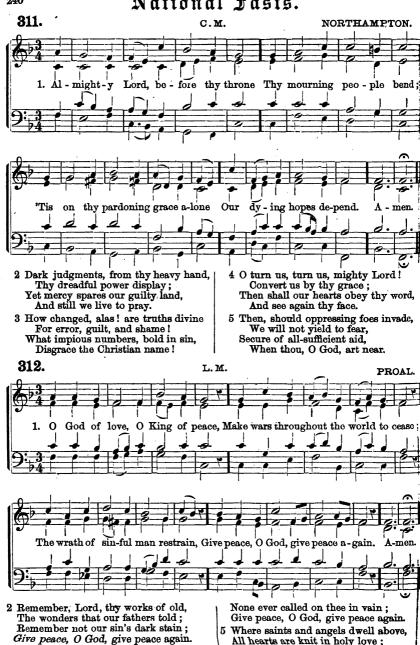


Lo, with deep contrition turning, Humbly at thy feet we bend; Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning, Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding, Long and loud for vengeance call, Thou hast mercy more abounding, Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression, Let that blood our guilt efface; Save thy people from oppression, Save from spoil thy holy place.

National Fasts.



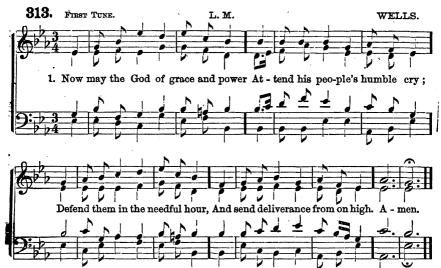
O bind us in that heavenly chain,

Give peace, O God, give reace again.

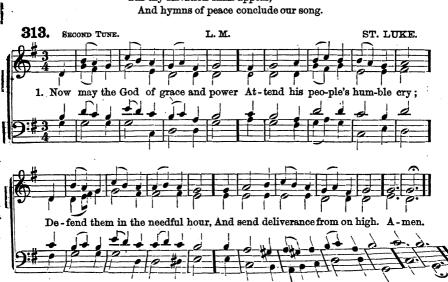
3 Waom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?

Where rest but on thy faithful word?

National Fasts.



- 2 In his salvation is our hope:
 And in the name of Israel's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear, And let our trust be firm and strong, Till thy salvation shall appear, And hymns of peace conclude our song





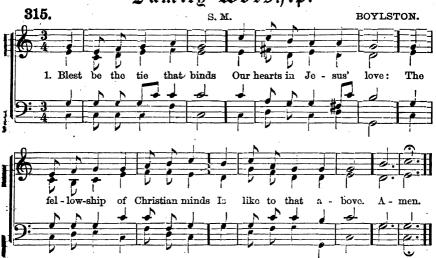


- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King | 5 Should poverty's consuming blow My morning sacrifice I bring, And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mercy in my Saviour's name, Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood, And be my advocate with God.
- 3 As every day thy mercy spares Will bring its trials and its cares, O Saviour, till my life shall end, Be thou my counsellor and friend: Teach me thy precepts, all divine, And be thy great example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part, Or langour settles at the heart: When on my bed, diseased, opprest, I turn, and sigh, and long for rest; O great Physician, see my grief, And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- Lay all my worldly comforts low; And neither help nor hope appear, My steps to guide, my heart to cheer; Lord, pity and supply my need, For thou on earth wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour Its various blessings on my store; O keep me from the ills that wait On such a seeming prosperous state: From hurtful passions set me free, And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close, And wearied nature seeks repose, With pardoning mercy richly blest, Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest; And as each morning sun shall rise, O lead me onward to the skies.

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8 And at my life's last setting sun My conflicts o'er, my labours done, Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed, To cheer and bless my dying bed; And from death's gloom my spirit raise, To see thy face and sing thy praise.





- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour united prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,
 Not like the world's, our pain;
 But one in Christ, and one in heart,
 We part to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Throughout eternity.



- 2 He will not let thy foot he moved, Thy guardian will not sleep; Behold, the God who slumbers not Will favour'd Israel keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings, Thou shalt securely rest,
- Where neither sun nor moon shall thee By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war, Thy God shall thee detend; Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage, Safe to thy journey's end.

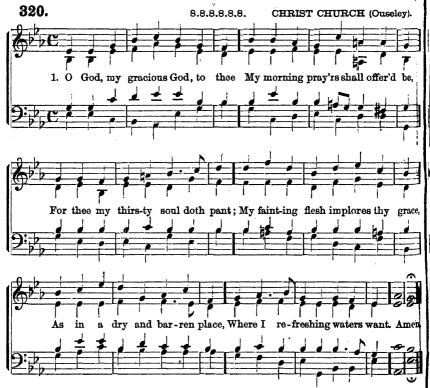




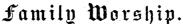


family Worship.

- 2 His tender love and watchful care Shall free thee from the fowler's snare, And from the noisome pestilence; He over thee his wings shall spread, And cover thy unguarded head; His truth shall be thy strong defence.
- 3 Because, with well-placed confidence,
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence.
 Thy refuge, even God most high;
 Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
 Nor to thy heaven-protected home
 Shall overwhelming plagues drawnigh.



- 2 O to my longing eyes once more That view of glorious power restore, Which thy majestic house displays: Because to me thy wondrous love Than life itself does dearer prove, My lips shall always speak thy praise.
- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ,
 With lifted hands adore his name:
 As with its choicest food supplied,
 My soul shall be full satisfied,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 And when I wake in dead of night,
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rist with safety and delight.





1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th'e-ter-nal hills be-yond the skies;



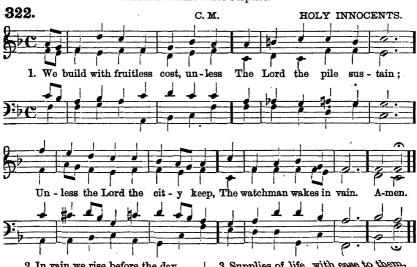


Thence all her help my soul de-rives, There my al-mighty refuge lives. Amen.



He lives—the everlasting God, That built the world, that spread the flood; The heavens with all their hosts he made, And the dark regions of the dead.

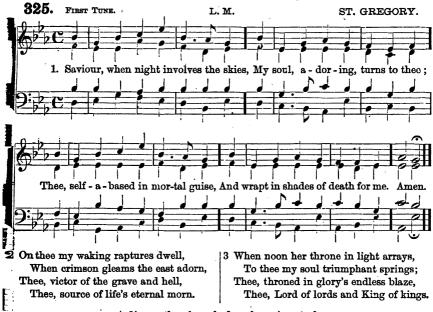
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way; His morning smiles bless all the day: He spreads the evening veil, and keeps The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest, May rise secure, securely rest; Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes Admit no slumber nor surprise.



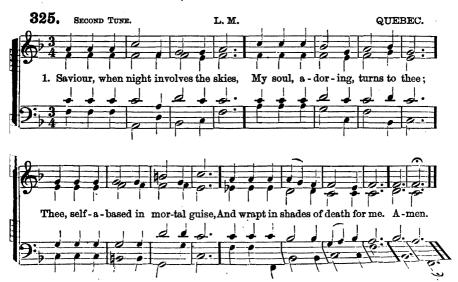
2 In vaiu we rise before the day, And late to rest repair, Allow no respite to our toil, And eat the bread of care. 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them, He on his saints bestows; He crowns their labours with success, Their nights with sweet repose.



Samily Worship.



4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal, To death and thee my thoughts I give; To death, whose power I soon must feel, To thee, with whom I trust to live.









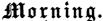
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy sheltering wings around, Till all our wanderings cease,

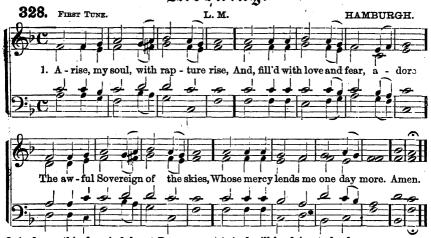
And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God, And portion evermore.



- And bears our life away;
 - O make thy servants truly wise, That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour Eternity is hung, Waken, by thine almighty power The aged and the young.
- - O be it still pursued, Lest, slighted once, the season fair Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly, Swift as the morning light, Lest life's young golden beam should die In sudden, endless night.

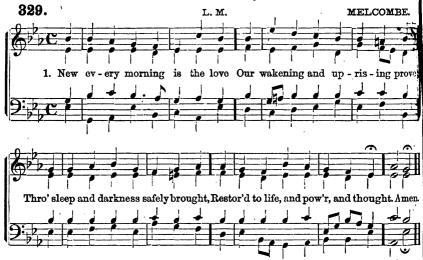




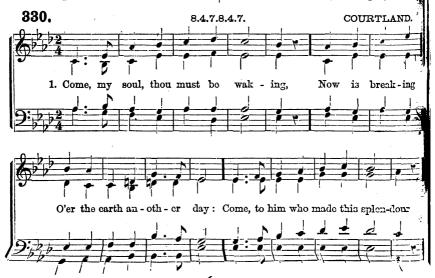
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power, Not idly pass, nor fruitless be; But may each swiftly-flying hour Still nearer bring my soul to thee.
- 3 But can it be? That power divine
 Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
 And countless worlds and angels join
 To swell the glorious song of praise.
- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
 When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
 Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
 And may my zeal with years increase:
 For plasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
 And all thy paths are paths of peace.



Morning.



- 2 New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray.; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind Be set to hallow all we find, New treasures still of countless price, God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask:
 Room to deny ourselves: a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love Fit us for perfect rest above; And help us this, and every day, To live more nearly as we pray.



Morning.



Gladly hail the sun returning: Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers: For the night is safely ended? God hath tended

With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever Each endeavour,

When thine aim is good and true; But that he may ever thwart thee, And convert thee,

When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that he thy ways beholdeth, He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within; He the hidden shame glossed over Can discover,

And discern each deed of sin.

Till thy mercy's beams I see: Till they inward light impart.

Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow. Free from sorrow,

Pass away in slumber sweet: And, released from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not,

But his Spirit's voice obey; Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding Light enfolding

Shining to the perfect day.

All things in unclouded day.

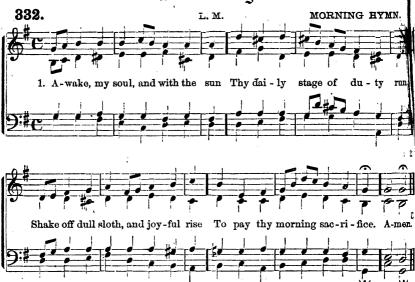
7 Glory, honour, exaltation, Adoration,

Be to the eternal One: To the Father, Son, and Spirit, Laud and merit,

While unending ages run.

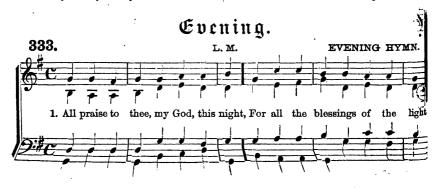


Morning.



- 2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem; Each present day thy last esteem; Improve thy talent with due care; For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 By influence of the light divine, Let thy own light to others shine; Reflect all heaven's propitious rays In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing Glory to the eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir, May your devotion me inspire, That I, like you, my age may spend, Like you may on my God attend.

- 6 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
 I may of endless light partake. [wake
- 7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and with thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers, with all their migh
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings for Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.





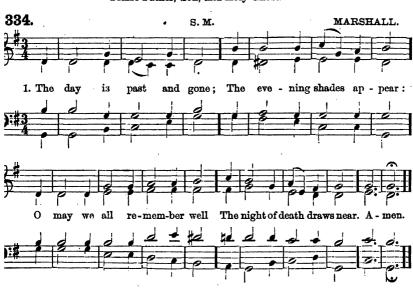
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own al-mighty wings. A-men.



Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; To die, that this vile body may Rise glorious at the awful day.

- 4 O may my soul on thee repose, And with sweet sleep my eyelids close: Sleep, that may me more vigorous make To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply: Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

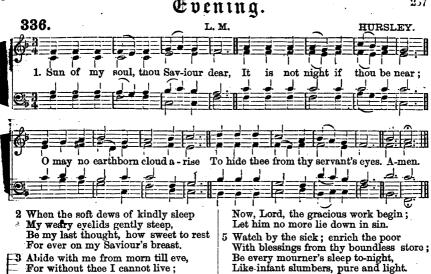


We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death shall soon disrobe us all Of what is here possest. 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we night,
Till morning light appears.

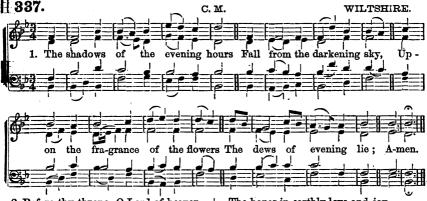


- 2 Swift to its close cobs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away, Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.





- Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
 - 4 If some poor wandering child of thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take Till in the ocean of thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.



- 2 Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven We kneel at close of day; Look on thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.
- 3 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord, O do not thou despise, But let the incense of our prayers Before thy mercy rise;
- 4 The brightness of the coming night Upon the darkness rolls; With hopes of future glory chase The shadows on our souls.
- 5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade: So lade within our heart

- The hopes in earthly love and joy, That one by one depart;
- 6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one, Within the heavens shine:-
 - Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things divine.
- 7 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God! Upon our souls descend, From midnight fears, and perils, thou
 - Our trembling hearts defend:
- 8 Give us a respite from our toil, Calm and subdue our woes Through the long day we suffer, Lord, O give us now repose!

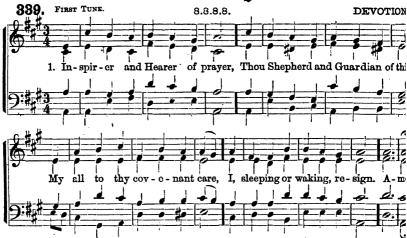


- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 - O gentle Jesu, be our light.

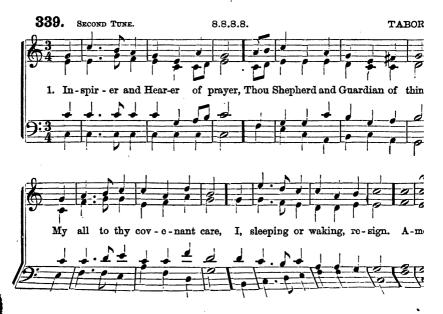
- 4 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd
 And care is light, for thou hast car
 Ah! never let our works be soil'd
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's
 night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto thee we call;
 O let thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- G Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
 Through night and darkness near us be;
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.





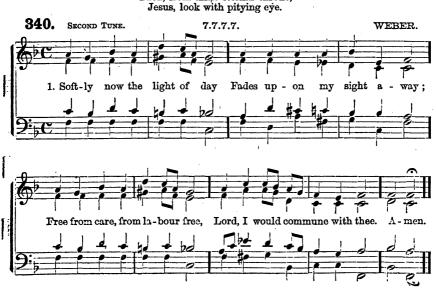


- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no darkness to me; And, fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend To watch while thy saints are asleep; By day and by night they attend The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 4 Thy worship no interval knows,
 Their fervour is still on the wing;
 And, while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my Kin
- 5 I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join;
 And love, and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and minc.





4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's infirmity; Then, from thine eternal throne,

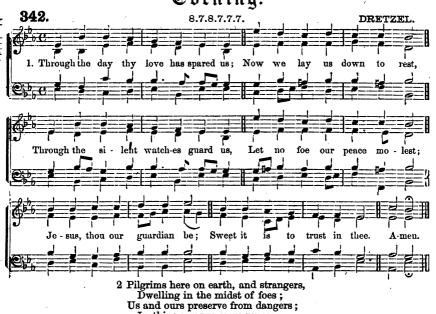




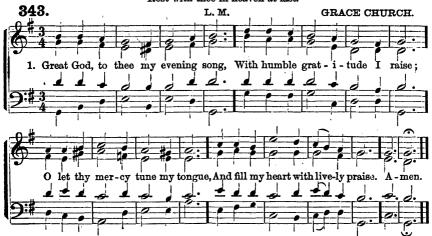
- 2 The joys of day are over:

 I lift my heart to thee;
 And call on thee that sinless
 The hours of gloom may be.
 O Jesu, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night!
- 3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.
- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry
 "Against him I have now prevailed:
 Rejoice! the child of God has failed."
- 5 Be thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God! for thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

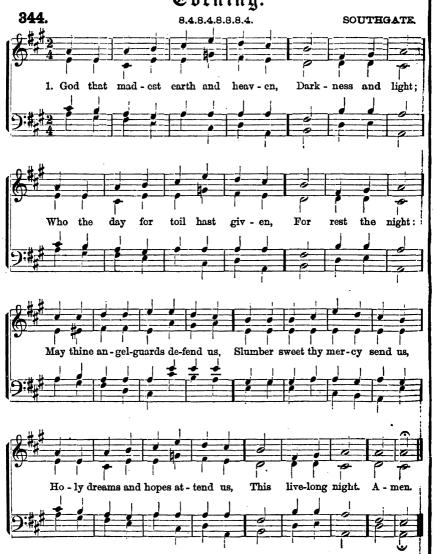




In thine arms may we repose; And when life's short day is past, Rest with thee in heaven at last.



- 2 My days unclouded as they pass, And every gently rolling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart, Too oft regardless of thy love, Ungrateful, can from thee depart, And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood Of Jesus; his dear name alone I plead for pardon, gracious God, And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close With sleep refresh my feeble imme Safe in thy care may I repose. And wake with praises to thy name

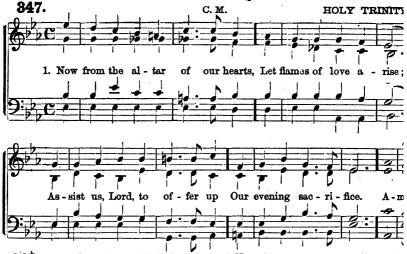


2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.









- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new jo Do a new song require; Till we shall praise thee as we woul Accept our hearts' desire.



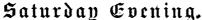








- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end, Onward to darkness and to death we tend: O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide, Be thou our light in death's dark eventide; Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer, Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail, And earthly hopes and human succours fail; When all is dark may we behold thee nigh, And hear thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
 In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
 May we arise awaken'd by thy call,
 With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
 In that blest day which has no eventide.





- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour Through the week our praise demand; Guarded by almighty power, Fed and guided by his hand: Though ungrateful we have been, And repaying love with sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciled face, Drive away our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 .May we feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear:
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May thy Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints Such the days of rest we love, Till we join the Church above.



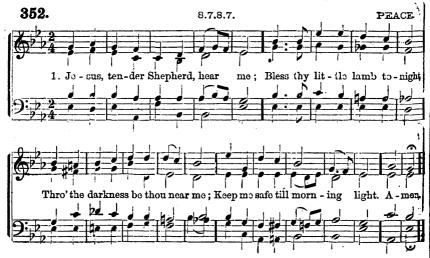


2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her
shade,
[songs.
And stars came forth, were heard their

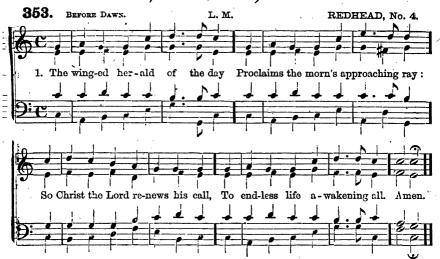
3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to
gain;
To hearts in trouble thou wast nigh,

Nor one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
Thy chastened ones have kissed the rod,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.



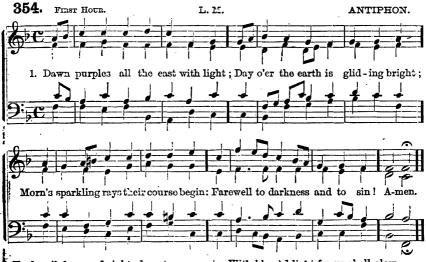
2 All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me, Listen to my evening prayer! 3 Let my sins be all forgiven; Bless the friends I love so well; Take us all at last to beaven. Happy there with thee to dwell.



- 2 "Take up thy bed," to each he cries, Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies: "Be chaste, and, living soberly, Watch ye, for I the Lord am nigh."
- 8 With earnest cry, with tearful care, Call we the Lord to hear our prayer;

While supplication, pure and deep, Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

4 O Father, that we ask be done, Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son; Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee, Shall live and reign eternally.

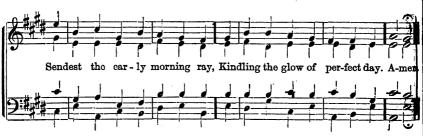


Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart!
Let every ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught!

3 So that last morning, dread and great, Which we with trembling hope await, With blessed light for us shall glow, Who chant the song we learnt below.

4 O Father, that we sak be done, Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son; Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee, Shall live and reign eternally.



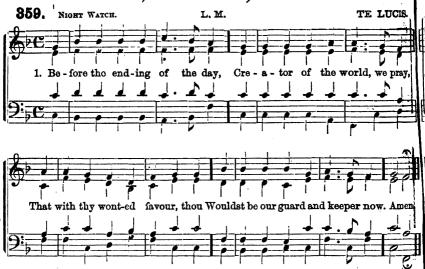


2 Extinguish thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And, keeping all the body whole,
Shed forth thy peace upon the soul.

3 O Father, that we ask be done, Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son; Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee, Shall live and reign eternally.

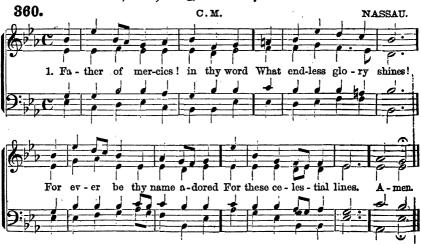


- 2 Lord, on the cross thine arms were To draw thy people nigh; [stretch'd, O grant us then that cross to love, And in those arms to die.
- 3 To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost, All glory be from saints on earth, And from the angel host.



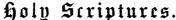
- 2 From all ill dreams defend our sight, From fears and terrors of the night; Withhold from us our ghostly foe, That spot of sin we may not know.
- 3 O Father, that we ask be done, Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son; Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee, Doth live and reign eternally.

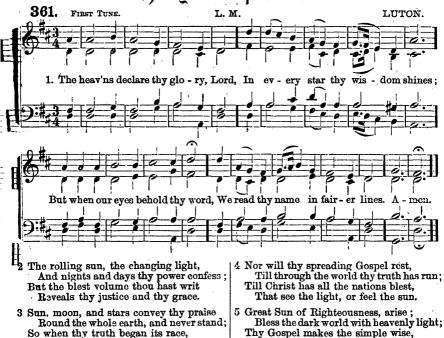




- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight;
- And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near;
 Teach me to love thy secred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

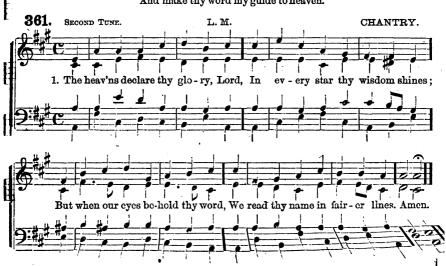


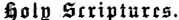




Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right. It touched and glanced on every land. 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view, In souls renewed and sins forgiven; Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make thy word my guide to heaven.

So when thy truth began its race,







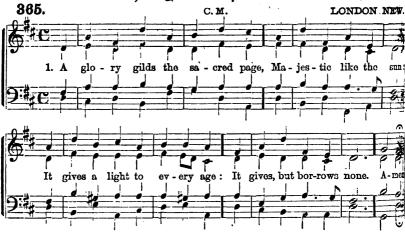
- 2 The Church from her dear Master Received the gift divine, And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the golden casket Where gems of truth are stored, It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurl'ā;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 Mid mists, and rocks, and quickss
 Still guide, O Christ, to thee.
- 4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnish'd gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 O teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face.



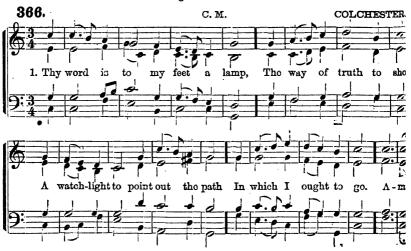


4 I hear thy word with love, And I would fain obey; Send thy good Spirit from above. To guide me, lest I stray.





- 2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat:
 His truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but nover set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine, For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory break upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.



2 I've vow'd—and from my covenant, Lord, Will never start aside— That in thy righteous judgments I

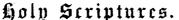
Will steadfastly abide.

- 3 Let still my sacrifice of praise

 With thee acceptance find;

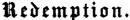
 And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,

 Instruct my willing mind.
- 4 Thy testimonies I have made
 My heritage and choice;
 For they, when other comforts fail,
 My drooping heart rejoice.
- 5 My heart with early zeal began Thy statutes to obey; And, till my course of life is doze, Shall keep thine upright way.





- 2 If thou true wisdom from above Will graciously impart, To keep thy perfect laws I will Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways To which thy precepts lead;
- Because my chief delight has been Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
 Incline my willing heart;
 Let no desire of worldly wealth.
 From thee my thoughts divert.





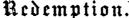
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, etc.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to mise the sound
Glory, honour, etc.





4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores, A bright inheritance as ours; Where saints in light our coming wait To share their holy, happy state.





Bought us with the Saviour's blood;

Redemption.



sing the characters he bears, d all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne: loftiest rongs of sweetest praise, rould, to everlasting days, Make all his glories known. 3 O the delightful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, Λ blest cternity I'll spend, Triumphant in his grace.



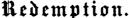
Redemption.

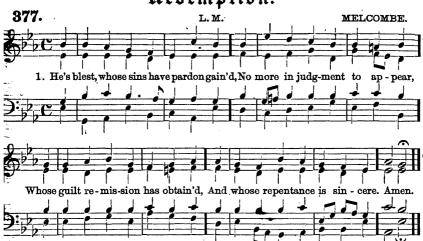


To save rebellious man, And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet To tread the heavenly road;

4 Grace all the work shall crown Through everlasting days: It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the prosec.

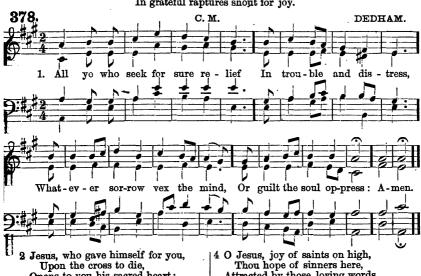




2 No sooner I my wound disclosed, The guilt that tortured me within, But thy forgiveness interposed, And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

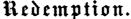
3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied, The harden'd sinner shall confound ; But them who in his truth confide. Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints that have perform'd his laws, Their life in triumph shall employ; Let them, as they alone have cause, In grateful raptures shout for joy.



Opens to you his sacred heart: O to that heart draw nigh.

- 3 Ye hear how kindly he invites; Ye hear his words so blest:
- "All ye that labour come to me, And I will give you rest."
- Attracted by those loving words, To thee I lift my prayer.
- 5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood Which forth from thee doth flow; New grace, new hope inspire; a new And better heart bestow.



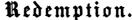


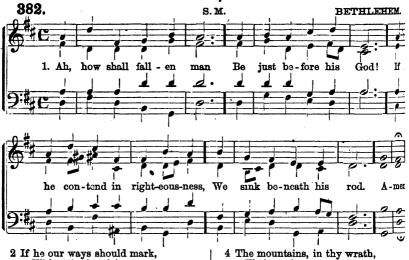
- And tears of anguish flow, One only heart, a broken heart, Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
 Over some foul, dark spot,
 One only stream, a stream of blood,
 Can wash evay the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white, His hand that brings relief, His heart that's touch'd with all our joys, And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
 Unseel than cleaning tide:
 We have no shelter from our sin
 But in thy wounded side.





- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is finish'd!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 5 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood; Venture on him—venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude; None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.
- 6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb; While the blissful courts of heaven Sweetly echo with his name; Hallelujah! Sinners here may sing the same.



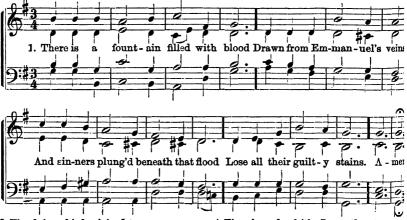


- If he our ways should mark,
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God! Who can with thee contend? Or who that tries the unequal strife, Shall prosper in the end?

383.

- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath, Their ancient seats forsake: The trembling earth deserts her place Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man Contend with such a God? None, none can meet him, and escape But through the Saviour's blood.

ST. AGNES



C. M.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wound supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stamme
 Lies silent in the grave. (to

Redemption.



- Ye souls that are wounded,
 To Jesus repair;
 He calls you in mercy,
 And can you forbear?
 Though your sins be as scarlet,
 Still flee to the mountain,
 That blood can remove them
 Which streams from this fountain.
 Hallelujah, etc.
- 3 O Jesus! ride onward,
 Triumphantly glorious;
 O'er sin, death, and hell
 Thou'rt more than victorious;
 Thy name is the theme
 Of the great congregation,
 While angels and saints
 Raise the shout of salvation.
 Hallelujah, etc.
- 4 With joy shall we stand
 When escaped to that shore;
 With our harps in our hand
 We will praise him the more;
 We'll range the sweet fields
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation
 For ever and ever.
 Hallelujah, etc.



- 2 Create my nature pure within, And form my soul averse to sin: Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light, Cast out and banish d from thy sight: Thy holy joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
 Salvation shall be all my song:
 And all my powers shall join bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness

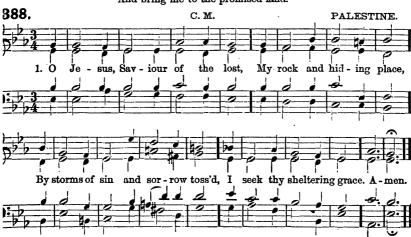
Repentance.



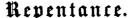
Fhough I have most unfaithful been, And long in vain thy grace received; I'en thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet O the mourning sinner spare, In honour of my great High-priest; Nor in thy righteous anger swear T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release; Uphold me with thy gracious hand; Guide me into thy perfect peace, And bring me to the promised land.



- Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
 Pursued by foes, I come;
 A sinner, save me, or I die;
 An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in thine almighty arms, Let storms come on amain: There danger never, never harms; There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before thy throne, And all thy glory see, Still be my righteousness alone To hide myself in thee.





- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour of all, if mine thou art, Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free; I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
 The light and easy burden prove,
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
 5 I would, but thou must give the power,
- 5 I would, but thou must give the powr. My heart from every sin release; Bring near, bring near the joyful hou, And fill me with thy perfect peace.



2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse? Tis God hath justified; Who now his people shall condemn? The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again, Triumphant from the grave; At God's right hand for us he pleads, Omnipotent to save. 5.00 TATE

2







- 2 Just as I am,—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need. in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am,—of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, and heigh
 Here for a season, then above—
 O Lamb of God, I come.



Faith.



Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.





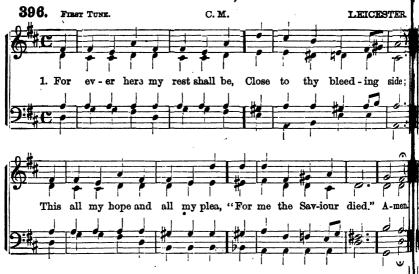
2 Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

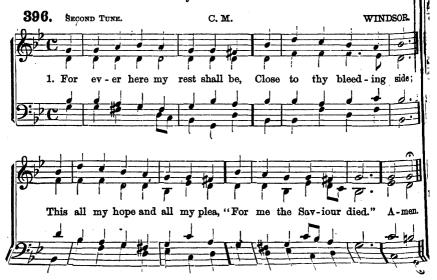








- 2 My dying Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin! Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
- | 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone—
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul is love.







- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd, I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never foreake.



To hear thy voice and live. And trust thee, though thou slay. 4 Give these, and then thy will be done; Thus, strengthen'd with all might, We, through thy Spirit and thy Son, Shall pray, and pray aright.

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,

Courage, our fainting souls to keep,

Though mercy long delay;

3 Give deep humility; the sense

A strong desiring confidence

Of godly sorrow give;





- 2 Long as our fiery trials last, Long as the cross we bear, O let our souls on thee be cast In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit's interceding grace
 Give us the faith to claim;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of every heart—
 I will not let thee go:
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And say,—I died for thes.



That infant lips can try;

Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways; While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath. The Christian's native air;

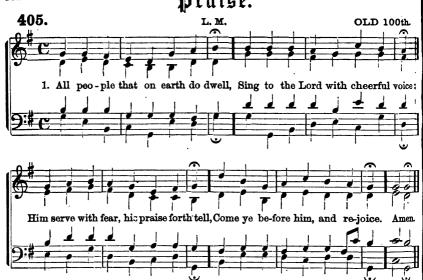
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone; The Holy Spirit pleads; And Jesus on the eternal throne. For sinners intercedes.

8 O thou, by whom we come to God, The life, the truth, the way.
The path of prayer thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray.







- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed; Without our aid he did us make; We are his flock, he doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise, Approach with joy his courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless his name always, For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.



Praise.

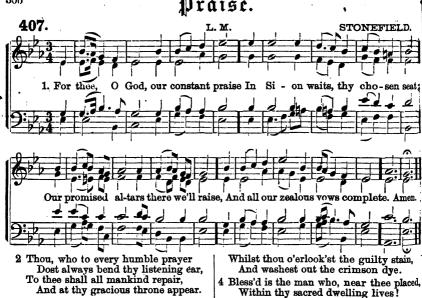


- 2 Let them his great name
 Extol in their songs,
 With hearts well attuned
 His praises express;
 Who always takes pleasure
 To hear their glad tongues,
 And waits with salvation
 The humble to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who their heads
 With safety doth shield;
 Such honour and triumph
 His favour shall bring:
 O therefore for ever
 All praise to him yield!









To stop thy flowing mercy try; The vast delights thy temple gives. 408. 7.7.7.7. WELDON. Je - ho - vah's name; For his mer-cies - ni - fv sure. From same. -dure.

2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice, Gather'd out of every land, As the people of his choice, Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain

3 In the wilderness astray, In the lonely waste they roam, Hungry, fainting by the way, Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 To the Lord their God they cry; He inclines a gracious ear,

Sends deliverance from on high. Rescues them from all their fear.

'Tis' there abundantly we taste

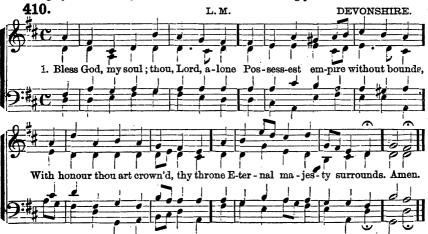
5 Them to pleasant lands he brings. Where the vine and olive grow; Where from verdant hills, the springs Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord, For his goodness to their race; For the wonders of his word, And the riches of his grace!





- His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wandering sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again.
- S We are his people, we his care, Our souls, and all our mortal frame; What lasting honours shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heaven our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.



2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe, And glory for a garment take; Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the The canopy of state to make. [globe,

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign'
will.

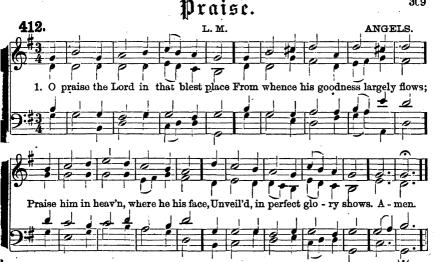
5 In praising God while he prolongs My breath, I will that breath employ: And join devotion to my songs. Sincere, as in him is my joy.



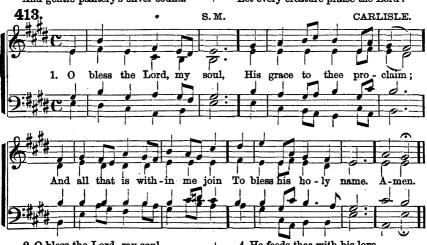


- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.





- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts Which he in our behalf has done; His kindn ss this return exacts, With which our praise should equal run.
- B Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice Make rocks and hills his praise rebound; Praise him with harp's melodious noise, And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let them who joyful hymns compose, To cymbals set their songs of praise-To well-tuned cymbals, and to those That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy, The breath he does to them afford, In just returns of praise employ: Let every creature praise the Lord!



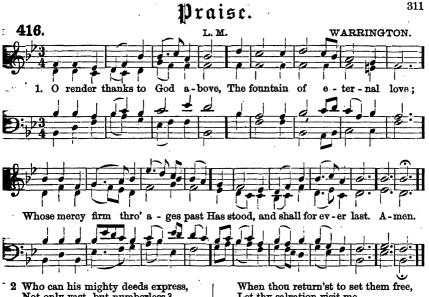
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul, His mercies bear in mind; Forget not all his benefits, Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 He pardons all thy sins, Prolongs thy feeble breath: He healeth thine infirmities, And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He feeds thee with his love, Upholds thee with his truth; And, like the eagle's, he renews The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the Lord, my soul, His grace, his love proclaim; Let all that is within me, join To bless his holy name.







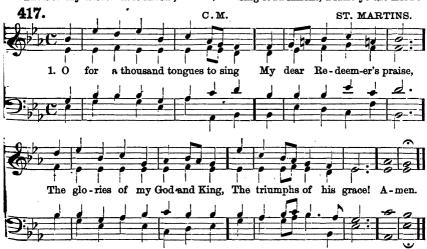




Not only vast, but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord, Thou to thy chosen dost afford; Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd, His name eternally confess'd; Let all his saints, with full accord, Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord!



Jesus—the name that charms our fears. That bids our sorrows cease; Tis music in the sinner's ears;

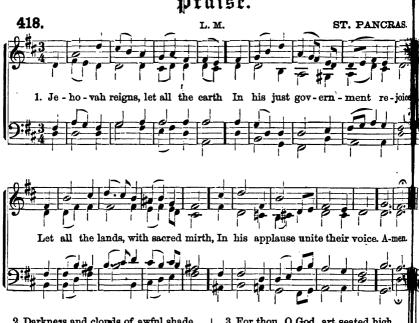
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, And sets the prisoner free: His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.

- 4 He speaks; and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf! His praise, ye damb,
 Your loosened tongues employ! Ye blind, behold your Saviour come! And leap, ye lame, for joy.





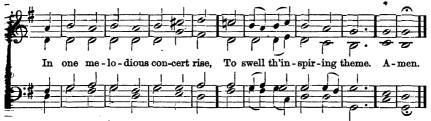


2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade His dazzling glory shroud in state; Judgment and righteousness are made The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high, Above earth's potentates enthroned Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky, Supreme by all the gods art owned



Praise.



2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound, While all the adoring thrones around His boundless mercy sing; Let every listening saint above Wake all the tuneful soul of love, And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow:

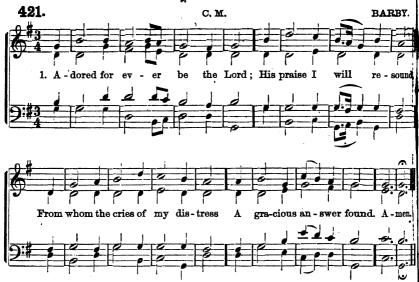
Ye tenants of the ocean wide, Proclaim him through the mighty tide, And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'ns broad arch rings back the
The general burst of joy. [sound,



2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, and all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

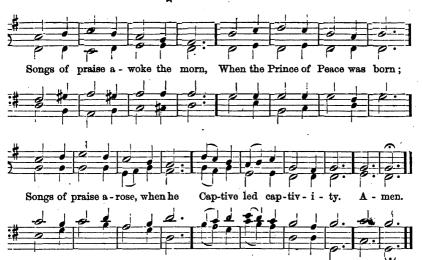




- 2 He is my strength and shield; my heart Has trusted in his name; And now relieved, my heart, with joy, His praises shall proclaim.
- 3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
 Is my defence and rock,
 The saving health, the saving strength,
 Of his anointed flock.
 - 4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
 Thy heritage preserve;
 Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
 That they may never swerve.

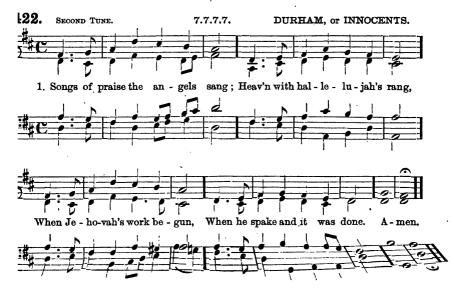


Praise.

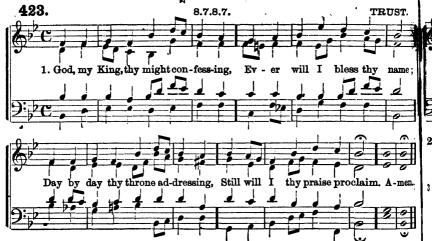


leaven and earth must pass away;
ongs of praise shall crown that day;
od will make new heavens and earth;
ongs of praise shall hail their birth.
ond shall man alone be dumb
ill that glorious kingdom come?
o; the Church delights to raise
salms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice; Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above. Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.







- 2 Honour great our God befitteth; Who his majesty can reach? Age to age his work transmitteth, Age to age his power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all thy glory, On thy might and greatness dwell, Speak of thy dread acts the story, And thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure, Works by love and mercy wrought— Works of love surpassing measure, Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion, Slow to anger, vast in love, God is good to all creation; All his works his goodness prove.
- 6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee, Thee shall all thy saints adore; King supreme shall they confess thee, And proclaim thy sovereign power.





- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line, Whom David, Lord did call; The God incarnate! Man divine! And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransomed of the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

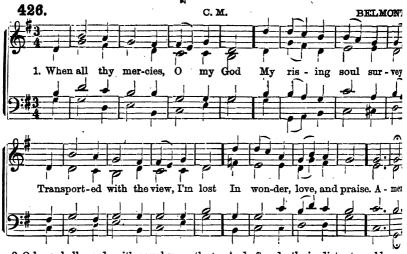
6 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.



425.	Irregular	Metre.
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2"		
The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-	 -lu ia.	To the glory of their King Shall the ran- somed peo - ple :
And the choirs that	dwell on high	Shall re-echo through the
They in the rest of	Paradise who dwell,	The blessed ones, with joy the cho - rus s
The planets beaming on their	heaven - ly way,	The shining constellations join, and
Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on	pin - ions light,	Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wild-ly br
Ye floods and ocean bil- lows, Ye storms and	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and sum - mer
First let the birds, with painted	plum - ago gay,	Exalt their great Creator's praise, and
Then let the beasts of earth, with	vary - ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and cry a
Here let the mountains thunder forth so-	nor ous	Allo lu
Thou jubilant abyss of	o - cean, cry	Alle
To Gop, Who all cre-	-a - tion made,	The frequent hymn be du - ly
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD Al-	-migh - ty loves:	Alle lu
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-	-wak - ing,	Allelu
Now from all men	be out - poured	Alleluia to the I
Praise be done to the	THREE in ONE,	Alle

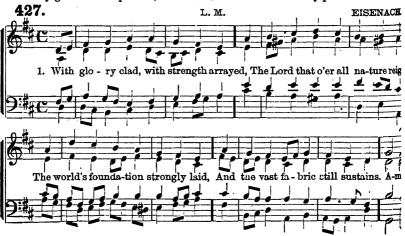
Irregular Metre. TROYTE'S CHANT. Alle--lu -lu -lu ia. Alle--lu Alle--lu ia. -lu -lu ia. Alle--lu ia. eet con- --sent u - nite your Alle--lu - ia. coves that wave in pring, And glorious for - csts sing Alle--lu ia. Alle--lu ia. -lu ia. -lu ia. Alle--lu ia. let the valleys sing in gentler cho Alleia. -lu rus acts of earth and conti-Alle--nents, re - ply -lu Alle--lu is the song, the venly song, that song, that CHRIST the King ap-proves: Allevenly -lu ia. children's voices echo, answer mak ing, Alle--lu ia. Alleluia e - ver - more The Son and Spirit we a - dore. Alle--lu - ia. - men





- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare
 - That grows within my ravish'd heart? But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue;

- And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more, My ever grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.



2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne! Which shall no change or period see; For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, Art God from all eternity.

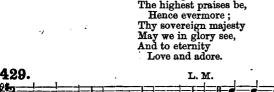
3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss the troubled waves on high; But God above can still their noise, And make the angry sea comply.

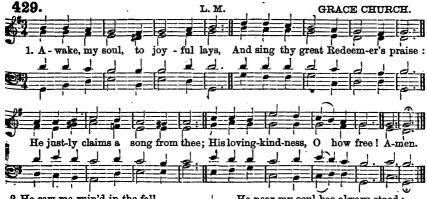
4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dw
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.





4 To thee, great One in Three,





- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate; His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along; His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
- He near my soul has always stood; His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Saviour to depart, But though I oft have him forgot, His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must tail; O may my last expiring preath His loving-kindness sing in death)



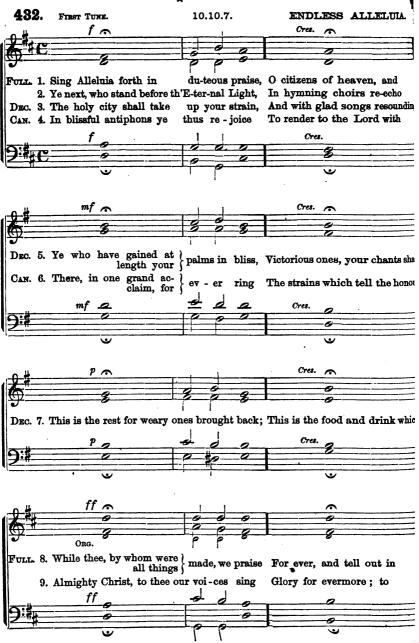


- Alleluia joyful mother,
 All thy children sing with thee;
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.
- 3 Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 Alleluia our trangressions
 Make us for a while forego:
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.
- 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee, Grant us, blessed Trinity, At the last to keep thine Easter In our home beyond the sky; There to thee forever singing Alleluia joyfully.



Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with thy fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord."
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee the Lord of hosts most High.

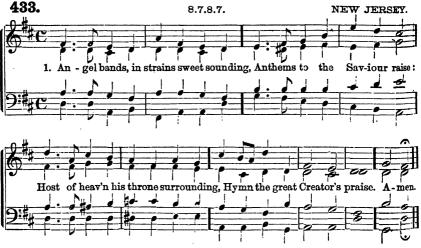








- 2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo to the height An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding wake again An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice To render to the Lord with thankful voice An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this, An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for every ring The strains which tell the honour of your King. An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back, This is the food and trink which none shall lack, An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
 For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
 An endless Alleluia.
- 9 Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing Glory for evermore; to thee we bring An endless Alleluia.



2 Radiant orb of day, adore him, Praise him, thou who rul'st the night; Heaven of heavens, O bow before him, Laud him, all ye worlds of light. 3 Praise him, wild and restless ocean
Praise him monsters of the deep;
Praise him in your rade commotion,
Storms that at his mandate sweep

Belf-Consecration.

- # Hills and mountains, heavenward towering,
 Fires that in their bosom glow;
 Clouds around their cliffs dark lowering,
 Torrents down their steeps that flow;
- 25 Verdant fields and valleys blooming, Insect myriads, own his care; Wild beasts through the forest roaming, Warbling tenants of the air,
- 6 Kings and rulers, shout his glory, People, join the loud acclaim, Maidens, youth, and fathers hoary Infants, lisp his holy name.
- 7 Every kindred, tongue, and nation, Him who gave you life adore; Earth and heaven, and all creation, Praise his name for evermore.



2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

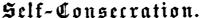
3 Give me a godly fear,

3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

Or wish my sufferings less.

5 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit, goide
Into thy perfect love.







And drove thee from my breast. | And worship only thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Sweet messenger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn,

Trust.

Whate'er that idol be,

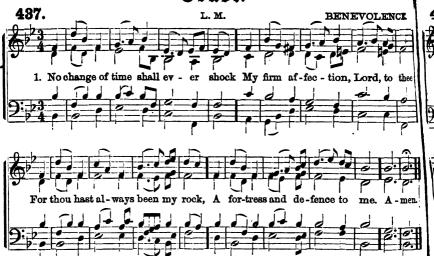
Help me to tear it from thy throne



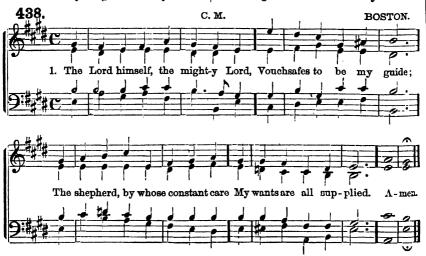
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.



Trust.

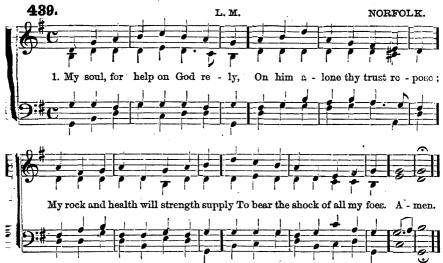


2 Thou my deliverer art, my God; My trust is in thy mighty power: Thou art my shield from foes abroad, At home my safeguard and my tower. To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

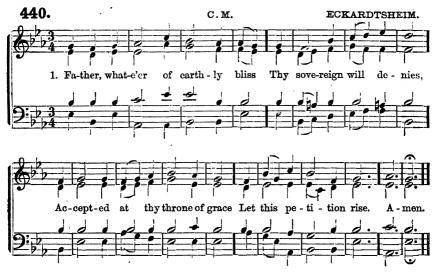


- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed, And gently there repose; Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering soul reclaim, And, to his endless praise, Instruct with humble zeal to walk In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death, From fear and danger free; For there his aiding rod and staff Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love Through all my life extend, That life to him I will devote, And in his temple spend.





2 God does his saving health dispense And flowing blessings daily send; He is my fortress and defence, On him my soul shall still depend. 3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.



- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My path of life attend:
 - Thy presence through my journey shine.
 And crown my journey's end.



- Thy ruling hand I see:
 - Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by thee.
 - In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear,
- My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.
- Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 - Resigned when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.
 - My lifted eye, without a tear,
 - The gathering storms shall see;
 - My steadfast heart shall know no fear, That heart will rest on thee.



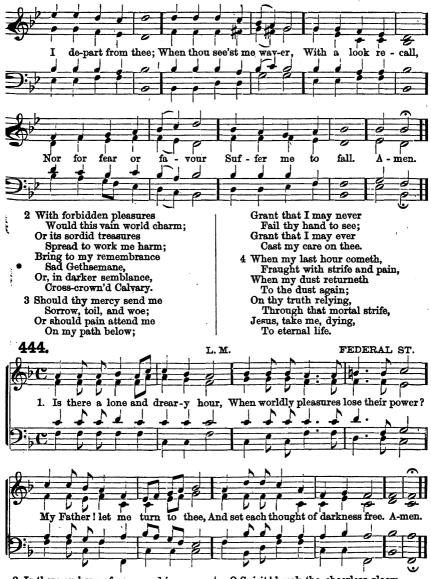
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd, By whirlwinds desolate be laid, Or parch'd by scorching beam; Still in the Lord shall be my trust, My joy; for, though his frown is just, His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the folds the flock decay, Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea, And round the empty stall; My soul above the wreck shall rise, Its better joys are in the skies; There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
 I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
 Nay, triumph in his love;
 My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
 Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
 To speed my course above.





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- 2 Is there an hour of peace and joy, When hope is all my soul's employ My Saviour! still my hopes will roam, Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 3 Is there a time of racking grief, Which scorns the prospect of relief?
- O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom, And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
 The dawn, or twilight's sweet screne,
 The glow of life, the dring hour,
 Shall own, O God! thy grace and power.

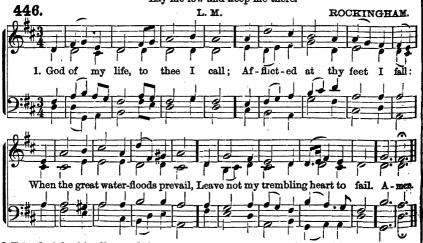






2 Trials must and will befall; But with humble faith to see Love inscribed upon them all— This is happiness to me. 3 Did I meet no trials here, No chastisement by the way, Might I not with reason fear I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.



- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep complaint?-Where but with thee, whose open door Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee, And thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fix'd remain? That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
 And he is safe, and must succeed.
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.





2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn, Press onward to the prize; Soon thy Saviour will return, To take thee to the skies: There is everlasting peace, Best, enduring rest, in heaven; There will sorrow ever cease, And crowns of joy be given.

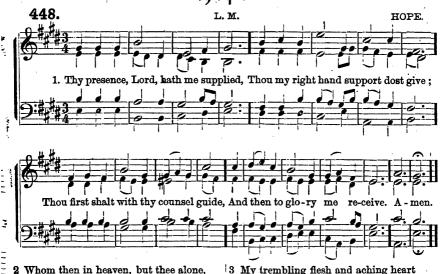


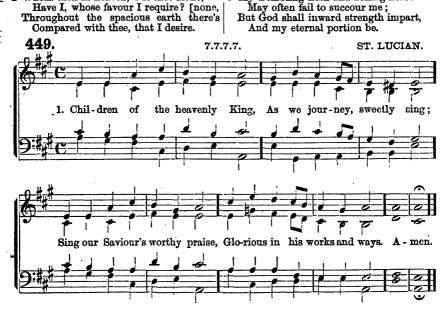


Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.









2 We are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod: They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd, Christ our advocate was made:

Pardon'd now, no more we roam, Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still follow thee.

May often fail to succour me;





- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul, And tears on tears successive roll; For many an evil voice is near To chide my woe and mock my fear; And silent memory weeps alone O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round
 That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
 And gladly swell'd the choral lays
 That hymn'd mygreat Redeemer's praise,
 What time the hallow'd arches rung
 Responsive to the solemn song.
- 4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
 Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
 Never suppliant sought in vain;
 Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
 Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

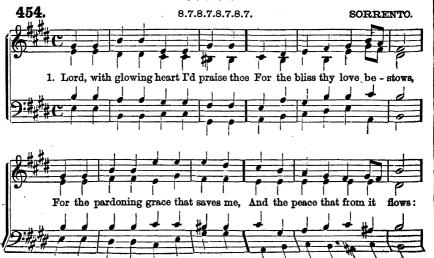






- 2 Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all,
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.



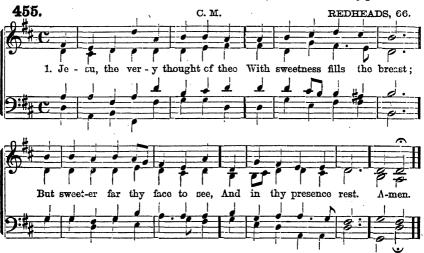


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2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, | 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling Wretched wanderer, far astray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Vainly would my lips express: Low before thy footstool kneeling, Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless: Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise; And, since words can never measure, Let my life show forth thy praise.



- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find.
 - A sweeter sound than Jesus' name. The Saviour of mankind
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of all the meek, To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show; The love of Jesus, what it is None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou. As thou our prize wilt be; In thee be all our glory now, And through eternity.





- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spiri Into every troubled breast! Let us all in thee inherit, Let us find thy promised rest; Take away the love of sinning, Alpha and Omega be,— End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place:
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.





2 Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In thee the blest abide:
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.







2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me Upon the cross embrace;

For me didst bear the nails and spear, And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony,

Yea, death itself; and all for me Who was thine enemy. 4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ, Should I not love thee well? Not for the hope of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell;

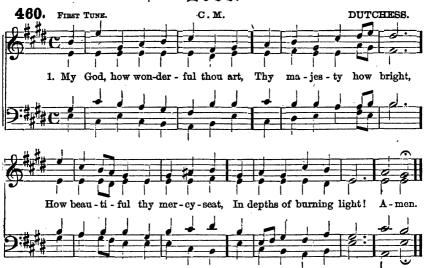
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5 Not with the hope of gaining aught; Nor seeking a reward; But as thyself hast loved me, O ever-loving Lord!

6 So would I love thee, dearest Lord, And in thy praise will sing; Solely because thou art my God,



2 Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun defends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep, Among them rest, among them sleep. 3 Why should thy bride appear like one That turns aside to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rore, Would never seek another love.



- ! How dread are thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord; By prostrate spirits day and night Incessantly adored!
- How wonderful, how beautiful,
 The sight of thee must be,
 - The sight of thee must be,

 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,

 And awful purity!
- 4 O how I fear thee, living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
 And worship thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears!
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord, Almighty as thou art, For thou has stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.





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My foes, and healed my wounded mind; I thank thee, whose enlivening voice Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Still to press forward in thy way; That all my powers, with all their might, In thy sole glory may unite.

CAREYS.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee will I love, my Lord, my God! Thee will I love, beneath thy frown Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod; What though my flesh and heart decay? Thee shall I love in endless day.

And take his wanderers home.





3 Sing on your heavenly way,

Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;

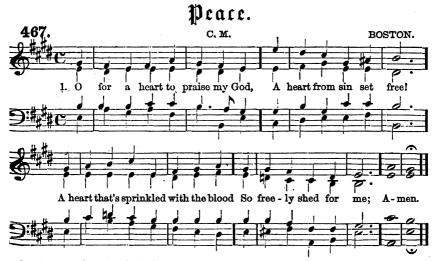




2 What thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive; What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to thy wisdom leave; 'Tis enough that thou wilt care; Why should I the burthen bear? 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee shide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.







2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone;

Though the oracle be seal d.

Weaned from the mother's breast,

3 Humble as a little child.

- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean; Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love divine, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good-A copy, Lord, of thine

4 Israel! now and evermore

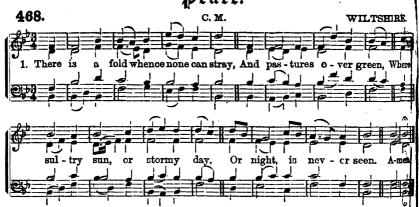
Him, in all his ways, adore,

In the Lord Jehovah trust;

Wise, and wonderful, and just.

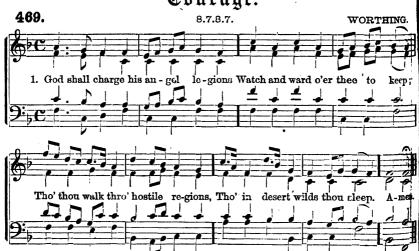
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above; Write thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.





- 2 Far up the everlasting hills, In God's own light, it lies; His smile its vast dimension fills With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave, Divides that land from this; I have a Shepherd pledged to save, And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie, In life's last struggling breath; But I shall only seem to die, I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be Exempt from toil and strife; To spend eternity with thee,-My Saviour, this is life!

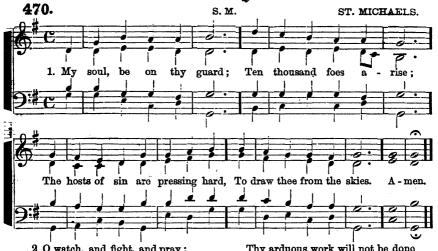




2 On the lion vainly roaring, On his young thy foot shall tread; And, the dragon's den exploring, Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection, Thou on God hast set thy love, With the wings of his protection He will shield thee from above.
- 4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble. He will hearken, he will save; Here for grief reward thee double, Crown with life beyond the grave.

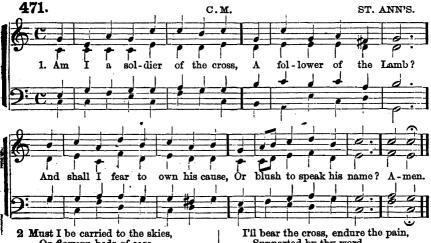




2 O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armour down: Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy parting breath, Up to his blest ahode.



On flowery beds of ease,

While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;

Supported by thy word.

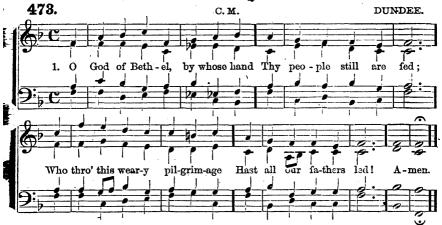
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die; They view the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies.
 The glory shall be thine.





- 2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, Heaven is before thee; He who hath promised Faltereth never; He who hath loved so well, Loveth for ever.
- 3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth;
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Proise him for ever.

Courage.



- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present Before thy throne of grace; God of our fathers! be the God Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us, each day, our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around, Till all our wanderings cease; And at our Father's loved abode, Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; And thou shalt be our chosen God, And portion evermore.

Action.



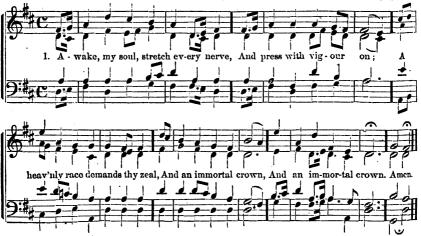
O may it all my powers engage

To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live,

4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely; Assured if I my trust betray, I shall for ever die.



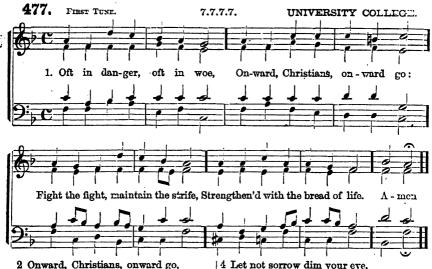


2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey ; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

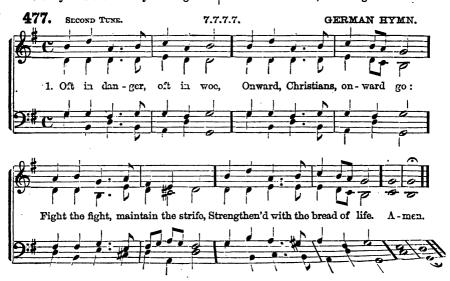
3 Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high, 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigour on;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And un immortal crown.

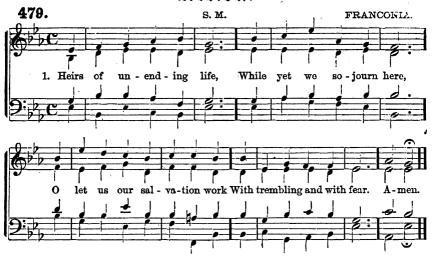


- Join the war and face the foe:
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?
- S Let your drooping hearts be glad:
 March in heavenly armour clad:
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye, Soon shall every tear be dry; Let not fears your course impede, Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then in battle move, More than conquerors ye shall prove: Though opposed by many a foe, Christian soldiers, onward go.

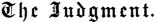


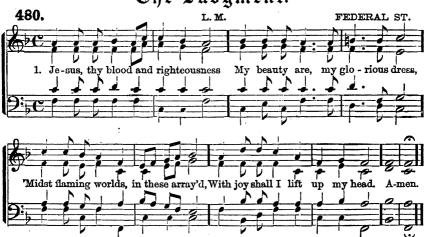


- 2 To the desert or the cell Let others blindly fly, In this evil world I dwell, Nor fear its enmity; Here I find a house of prayer, To which I inwardly retire; Walking unconcerned in care, And unconsumed in fire.
- 3 O that all the world might know
 Of living, Lord, to thee,
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy goodness see;
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thee face to face.



2 God will support our hearts With might before unknown; The work to be performed is ours, The strength is all his own. 3 'Tis he that works to will, 'Tis he that works to do; He is the power by which we act, His be the glory too!



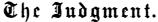


- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise To claim my mansion in the skies, E'en then this shall be all my plea— Jesus hath lived, hath died for me,
- 4 Thou God of power, thou God of love, Let the whole world thy mercy prove; Now let thy word o'er all prevail; Now take the spoils of death and hell.





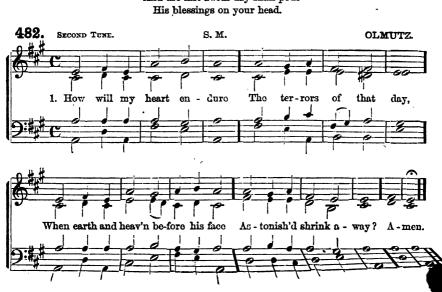
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing, Clothed in majesty divine! You who long for his appearing, Then shall say, This God is mine: Gracious Saviour, Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sec:
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner!
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved, and served the Lord below,
 He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
 Take the kingdom I bestow:
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know.





- 2 But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread.
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace, Whose wrath yo cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of his cross, And find salvation there,

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.





- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth,
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth; Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth; All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking, All creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo! the book exactly worded, Wherein all hath been recorded: Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth, And each hidden deed arraigneth, Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading? Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity! then befriend us!
- 9 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation Cost thy wondrous incarnation; Leave me not to reprobation!
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me, On the cross of suffering brought me. Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution Grant thy gift of absolution, Ere that day of retribution.

- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning, All my shame with anguish owning; Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st; Thou the dying thief forgavest; And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing, Yet, good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With thy favoured sheep O place me! Nor among the goats abase me; But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded, Doomed to flames of woe unbounded, Call me with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel with heart submission, See, like ashes, my contrition; Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning, Man for judgment must prepare him;







2 The dead in Christ shall first arise At the last trumpet's sounding, Caught up to meet him in the skies. With joy their Lord surrounding: No gloomy fears their souls dismay, His presence sheds eternal day On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears, Behold his wrath prevailing; For they shall rise, and find their tears And sigh are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone; Trembling, they stand before the throne, All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things created! The Judge of mankind doth appear, On clouds of glory seated: Low at his cross I view the day When heaven and earth shall pass away, And thus prepare to meet him.

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- "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing.
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- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
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im-mor-tal joys, And strangers

2 These transient scenes will soon decay, They fade upon the sight; And quickly will their brightest day

of

Re-gard-less

Be lost in endless night.

Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades,— 5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray,

In ever-blooming prospects rise, Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine To guide our upward aim: With one reviving touch of thine Our languid hearts inflame.

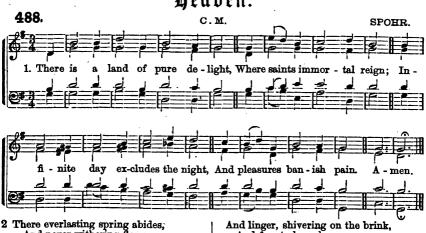
7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent wishes rise,

To those bright scenes where pleasures Immortal in the skies. [spring

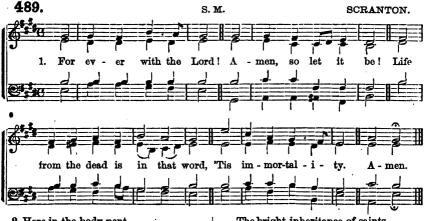
the skies?

A - men.





- 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews fair Canaan stood. While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea;
- And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unbeclouded eyes:—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood. And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood. Should fright us from the shore.



- 2 Here in the body pent, Absent from him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high. Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's far-seeing eye Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints To reach the land I love.

- The bright inheritance of saints. Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene. And all my prospect flies; Like Noah's dove, I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart. The winds and waters cease, And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart Expands the bow of peace.

heaven.











O One, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction

Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded

With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,

The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect?
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.



7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

EWING.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.

And they, who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white. 4 O sweet and blessèd country,

The home of God's elect!

O sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect! Jesu, in mercy bring va To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ever blest.

geaven.



- 2 These through flery trials trod; These from great affliction came; Now before the throne of God, Seal'd with his almighty name: Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor-palms in every hand, Through their dear Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And for ever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tears.





For God himself gives light. 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem! Thy joys when shall I see? The King that sitteth on thy throne In his felicity?

But every soul shines as the sun;

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks Continually are green,

7 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit; For ever more they spring,

And all the nations of the earth To thee their honours bring.

8 O mother dear, Jerusalem! When shall I come to thee? Vhen shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

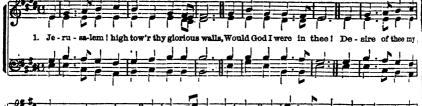


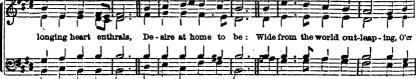
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built [walls And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! through rude and stormy I onward press to you. Scenes
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay?
- I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there Around my Saviour stand: And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

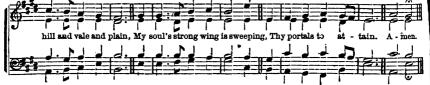


10.6.10,6.7.6,7,6.

BALTIMORE







2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome | 5 What throng is this, what noble troop, When shall that hour have come, [hour! When my rejoicing soul its own free power May use in going home?

Itself to Jesus giving, In trust to his own hand, To dwell among the living, In that blest Fatherland.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye, Shall be enough to soar, In buoyant exultation, through the sky,

And reach the heavenly shore. Elijah's chariot bringing

 The homeward traveller there; Glad troops of angels winging It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I Throw wide thy gracious gate, An entrance free to give these longing feet; At last released, though late,

From wretchedness and sinning And life's long, weary way; And now, of God's gift, winning Eternity's bright day.

Arrayed in beauteous guise, [that pours, Out through the glorious city's open doors, To greet my wondering eyes? The hosts of Christ's elected,

The jewels that he bears In his own crown, selected To wipe away my tears.

6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a That once has borne the cross, [band With all the company that won that land, By counting gain for loss, Now float in freedom's lightness,

From tyrants' chains set free; And shine like suns in brightness. Arrayed to welcome me.

7 One more at last arrived they welcome To beauteous Paradise, [there, Where sense can scarce its full fruition Or tongue for praise suffice; Dear, Glad hallelujahs ringing

With rapturous rebound, And rich hosannas singing Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne There shout the jubilee,

With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,

In blissful ecstacy: A hundred thousand voices Take up the wondrous song;

Eternity rejoices God's praises to prolong.



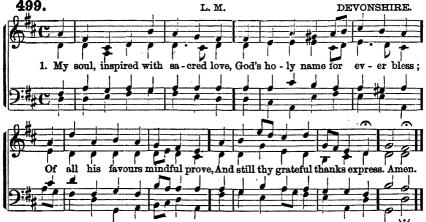
3 Since of thy goodness all partake,

ユニニ

With what assurance should the just Thy sheltering wings their refuge make, And saints to thy protection trust!

Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain, Thy presence is eternal day; O let thy saints thy favour gain, To upright hearts thy truth display.



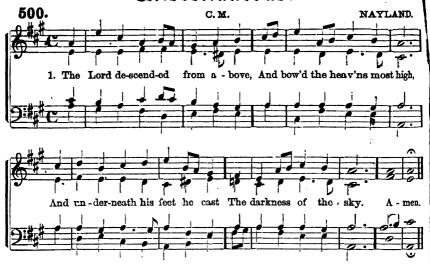
2 Tis he that all thy sins forgives, And after sickness makes thee sound: From danger he thy life retrieves, By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love And unexampled acts of grace; His waken'd wrath doth slowly move, His willing mercy flies apace.

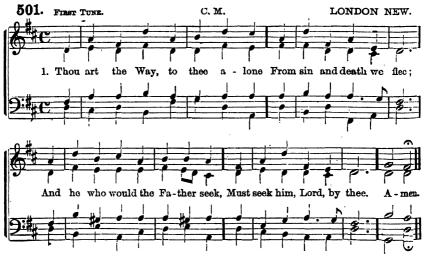
4 God will not always harshly chide, But with his anger quickly part; And loves his punishment to guide More by his love than our desert.

5 As far as 'tis from east to west, So far has he our sins removed: Who, with a father's tender breast. Has such as fear him always loved.

Miscellaneous.



- 2 On cherub and on cherubim, Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods, Their fury to restrain; And he, as sovereign Lord and King, For evermore shall reign.



- 2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb Proclaims thy conquering arm, And those who put their trust in thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.

. 2.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know, That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys eternal flow.

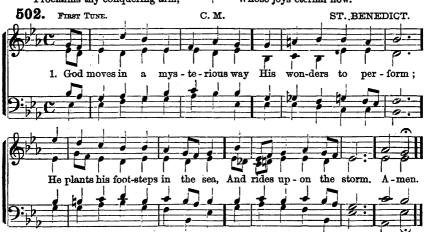
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- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines, Of never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace;

- Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour: The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain; God is his own interpreter. And he will make it plain.





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2 For in thy strength they shall advance, Whose conquests from thy favour spring: .The Lord of hosts is our defence And Israel's God our Israel's King.

Miscellaneous.



- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps he leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Miscellancous.





For we have no help but thee: Yet possessing Every blessing, If our God our Father be.

A-men.

Miscellancous.



- 2 Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let my way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Altars I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee.
 Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Miscellancous.





- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll.
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball; What though no real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found; In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing, as they shine, "The Hand that made us is divine."

Miscellaneous.



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- The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise, "Tis weary waiting here; I long to be where Jesus is,
 - I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.



2 O Paradise, O Paradise, The world is growing old; Who would not be at rest and free Where love is never cold? Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

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Miscellaneans.



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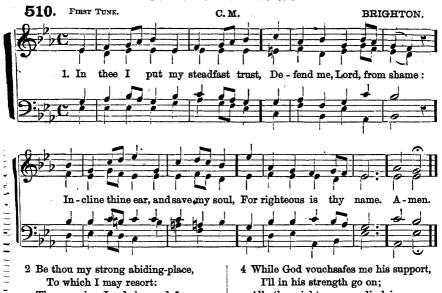
To feel, to see him near;

Where loyal hearts and true, etc. 4 O Paradise, O Paradise, I want to sin no more, I want to be as pure on earth

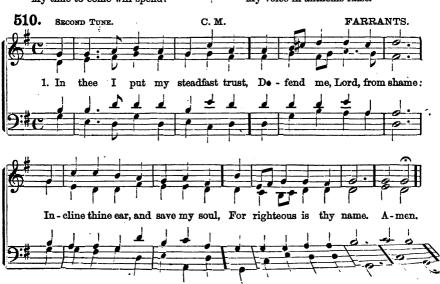
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6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise, O keep me in thy love, And guide me to that happy land Of perfect rest above; Where loyal hearts and true, Stand ever in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight.



- 2 Be thou my strong abiding-place, To which I may resort: Thy promise, Lord, is my defence, Thou art my rock and fort.
- 3 My steadfast and unchanging hope Shall on thy power depend; And I in grateful songs of praise My time to come will spend.
- 4 While God vouchsafes me his support, I'll in his strength go on; All other righteousness disclaim, And mention his alone.
- 5 Therefore, with psaltery and harp, Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise; To thee, the God of Jacob's race, My voice in anthems raise.

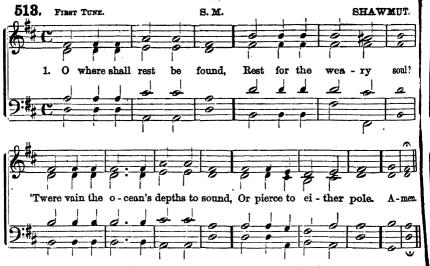




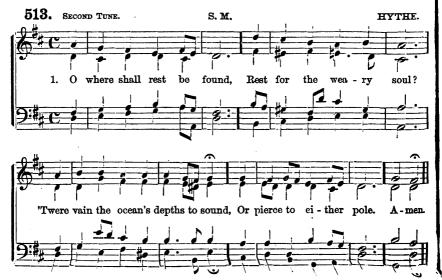
- 2 On thee alone my stay I place, All human help rejecting; Relying on thy sovereign grace, Thy sovereign aid expecting, I rest upon thy sacred word, That thou'lt repel him not, O Lord, Who to thy mercy fleeth.
- 3 And though I travail all the night,
 And travail all the morrow,
 My trust is in Jehovah's might,
 My triumph in my sorrow;
 Forgetting not that thou of old
 Didst Israel, though weak, uphold;
 When weakest then most loving!
- 4 What though my sinfulness be great,
 Redeeming love is greater;
 What though all hell should lie in wait,
 Supreme is my Creator;
 And he my rock and fortress is,
 And when most helpless, most Tm his,
 My strength and my Redeemer.

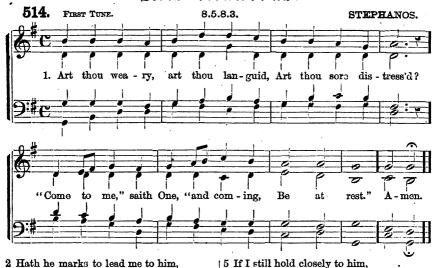


- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh:
 "Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath; O what eternal horrors hang Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun, Lest we be banished from thy face, And evermore undone.





2 Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide? "In his feet and hands are wound-paints;

And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch, That his brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns.

4 If I find him, if I follow, What his guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labour, Many a tear."

What hath he at last?

"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,

Jordan pass'd." 6 If I ask him to receive me.

Will he say me nay? "Not till earth, and not till heaven

Pass away." 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is he sure to bless? "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, Answer, Yes."





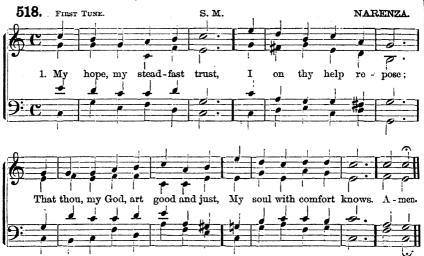
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun That strives with thee my heart to share? Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone, The Lord of every motion there. Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive;
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.



- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar; The Lord uplifts his awful hand, And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine; | 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend; Without his high behest, Ye shall not, in the mountain pine, Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar, In distant peals it dies; He yokes the whirlwind to his car, And sweeps the howling skies.
 - Ye monarchs, wait his nod, And bid the choral song ascend To celebrate your God.

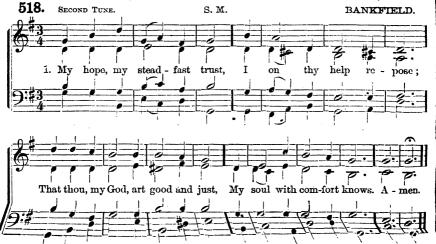


- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung, Nor fully reckon'd there; And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high, Employs my wondering sight; The moon, that nightly rules the sky, With stars of feebler light;
- 4 O what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st To keep him in thy mind?
 - Or what his offspring, that thou provist To them so wondrous kind?
- 5 O thou to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame, Through all the world how great art thou How glorious is thy name!



- 2 Whate'er events betide, Thy wisdom times them all; Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide From those that seek his fall.
- 3 The brightness of thy face
 To me, O Lord, disclose;
 And as thy mercies still increase,
 Preserve me from my foes.
- 4 How great thy mercies are
 To such as fear thy name,
 Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
 Dost to the world proclaim!
- 5 O all ye saints, the Lord
 With eager love pursue;
 Who to the just will help afford,
 And give the proud their due.

6 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.





2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light; Whose canopy, space; His chariots of wrath Deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care What tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, It shines in the light; It streams from the hills: It descends to the plain, And sweetly distils In the dew and the rain. 5 Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail, In thee do we trust, Nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how tender, How firm to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.



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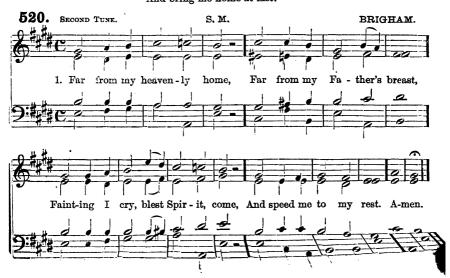
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The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.



- 2 My spirit homeward turns, And fain would thither flee; My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns, When I remember thee.
- 3 To thee, to thee I press, A dark and toilsome road; When shall I pass the wilderness, And reach the saints' abode?
- 4 God of my life, be near:
 On thee my hopes I cast:
 O guide me through the desert here,
 And bring me home at last.



GLORIA PATRI.

L. M.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven
adore,

Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore. Amcn.

D. C. M.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join;—
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son, And Spirit glory be, As 'twas, and is, and shall be so To all eternity. Amen.

D. S. M.

PRAISE as in ages past,
Praise as in glory now,
Praise while eternity shall last,
To thee, O God, we vow;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be glory evermore. Amen.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghos.,
The God Whom heaven's triump
host

And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in one Be glory in the highest given, By all in earth, and all in heaven, As was through ages heretofore, Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen

8.8.8.8.8.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom heaven's trium; host

And suffering saints on earth adore, Be glory as in ages past, As now it is, and so shall last When time itself shall be no more. A

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bl Supreme o'er earth and heav Eternal Three in One confess'd, Be highest glory given, As was through ages heretofore, Is now, and shall be evermore, By all in earth and heaven.

7.7.7.7.

Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! Ame

7.7.7.7.7.7.

Praise Him, all below the si Praise Him, all below the si Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; As through countless ages past, Evermore His praise shall last. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

OLY Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord. Amen.
N. B.—For metro Ten 7s. begin this doxology by
prefixing the last two lines, thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, Evermore be Thou adored, Holy Father, etc.

8.7.8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven, Praise the Son, the Spirit praise, As it was, and is, be given Glory through eternal days. Amen.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

ET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:

Hallelujahs everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

8.7.8.7.4.7

REAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

8.7.8.7.7.7

To the Father, throned in heaven, To the Saviour, Christ, His Son, To the Spirit, praise be given, Everlasting Three in One: As of old, the Trinity Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

10.10.10.10.

To God the Father, and to God the Son, To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One, Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven, As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

Amen.

5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

Y angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

6. G. G. C.

To Father and to Son, And Holy Ghost, to Thee, Eternal Three in One, Eternal glory be. Amen.

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

TO Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4,

TO Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore,
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

8.6.8.4.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, praise From earth and heaven ascend: The loftiest notes that saints can raise World without end. Amen.

7.7.7.5.

OLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujahs round Thy throne
Rise eternally. Amen.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

6.5.6.5.

C LORY to the Father,

Glory to the Son,

And to Thee, blest Spirit,

Whilst all ages run. Amen.

Gloria Patri.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

TATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou One in Three,
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
All praise to Thee:
From the morning of creation,
From the tribes of every nation,
Glory, power, and adoration,
Thine ever be. Amen.

8.8.8.6.

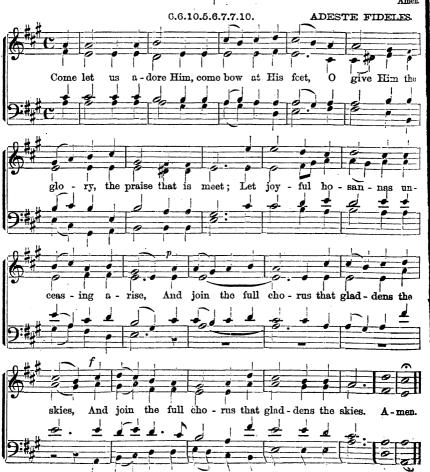
HOLY Father, Holy Son, And Holy Spirst, Three in One, As was, and is, and shall be done, Glory to Thee, O Lord. Amen.

8.8.8.8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd.
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and still shall be address'd.

11,11,11,11,

FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever
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All glory and worship from earth and from
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9 10	Veni cito,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
11	Rochester,	Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Vincent Novello, Late Organist to the Portuguese Embassy, London.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
12	Winchester, New,	The present form of this tune came into use about the year 1720. It has been attributed to several authors, but is evidently an adaptation of a tune composed by Crasselius, a Presbyter of Düsseldorf, A.D. 1650, for a metre of six lines of nine and ten syllables.	L. M .
13	(1st Tune) Careys, . (2d Tune) Veni Emanuel.	Henry Carey. (Died 1744), Arr. by W. H. Monk, from French Missal at Lisbon.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
14 15	Compline,	Rev. Dr. Hayne, Rev. Dr. Haweis, One of the Founders of the London Missionary Society. (Died 1890.)	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. C. M.
16 17 18 19	Stutgard,	German Tune. Arr. by Dr. Gauntlett, Mendelssohn, Spohr. Arranged by Joseph Barnby, John Reading. (Died 1740), This tune was composed by keading for Lin- coln Cathedral. In 1785, the Duke of Leeds	8, 7, 8, 7. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. D. C. M. Irregular.
20/	Lenham,	heard it performed in the Chapel of the Por- tuguese Embassy, London, and, supposing it to be peculiar to the Portuguese Service, he introduced it in the Concerts of Ancient Music, under the title of Portuguese Hymn, by which name it is sometimes known. Reading died in 1740.	.\e,7,8,7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
21	Yorkshire, or Stock- port.	Dr. Wainwright, Organist of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, England. (Died 1760.)	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.
22	Stuyvesant,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	D. C. M.
23	Glad Tidings,	TOT TO CON M TO	P. M.
24	U:IF	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
25	Managet	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	85858585
26	Brighton,		6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. C. M.
æ	Diignon,	White, Organist of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, Eng.	·
27	Arlington,	Dr. Arne. (Died 1778),	С. м.
28	Chalvey,	Rev. Dr. Hayne,	D. S. M.
29	St. Ann's	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
20	2 4 12 111 5	Organist of Westminster Abbey. (Died 1727.)	0. 22.
30	Leigh,	A. R. Reinagle, of Oxford, England, .	L. M.
31	(1st Tune) Tichfield,.	From "Crown of Jesus,"	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Benevento,	S. Webbe,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
32	St. Michael's	Old Scotch Tune,	S. M.
33	Nomen,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
34	(1st Tune) Romain, .	Bannister,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Medway	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
35	Lyons,	Haydn,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
36	(1st Tune) Murray	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 10, 10, 10.
•	Hill.	W. D. Gibert, Mass. 21,	20, 20, 20, 200
"	(2d Tune) Russian Hymn.	National Air,	10, 10, 10, 10.
37	(1st Tune) Epiphany,	Rev. J. F. Thrup (1848),	11, 10, 11, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Harveys, .	Harvey,	11, 10, 11, 10.
38	Tiverton,	Grigg,	C. M.
39	Canterbury,	Rev. C. T. La Trobe,	8, 7, 8, 7.
40	Expectation,	Bishop Hopkins,	C. M.
41	Hanover,	Dr. Croft,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5,
42	Choral,	F. Weber,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
43	Watchman,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
44	Sandford,	Jas. Stephenson,	S. M.
45	Dix,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
46	Cologne,	Dr. Gauntlett, of London	L. M.
47	Ephraim,	Dr. H. Leslie,	7, 7, 7, 7.
48	Norwich,	John Milton, father of the poet, 1614,	C. M.
49	Hernlein,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
50	(1st Tune) Leipsig, .	Mendelssohn,	S.M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz, .	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
51	St. Mary's,	St. Mary's is supposed to have been first printed in a Welsh Psalter, edited by Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merrioneth, in the year 1621. It was subsequently printed by clayford in 1677. The authorship is uncertain.	С. М.
52	St. Vincent,		L.M.
53	(1st Tune) Litany,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7
	(2d Tune) Tichfield, .	TIOM CIONED COURS,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(3d Tune) Spanish Chant.		7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
54	Erfurt,	Melchoir Vulpius (1609),	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
55	Howland,	D	S. M.
56	Salisbury,	Ravenscroft,	C. M.
57	St. Lawrence,	Rev. Dr. Haynes,	L. M.
58	Ferrier,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 7, 7, 7.
59	German Hymn,	Pleyel,	7, 7, 7, 7.
60	St. Bride,	Dr. Howard. (Born 1710, died 1782), .	(S. M.
61	Eckardtsheim,		/C.M.
62	Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	. \L.M.
63 /	St. Philip,	W. H. Monk,	. , . , . ,

14		INDEX OF TUNES.	:
No.	Name.	Comp wer.	Metre.
64	Virginia,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
65	Old Tune,	Crespin (1556),	D. C. M.
66	Arnold,	Dr. Samuel Arnold. (Died 1902),	C. M.
67	(1st Tune) Dalkieth, .	T. Hewlett,	10, 10, 10, 10,
- 1	(2d Tune) Toulon, . St. Andrew of Crete, .	C. Goudiniel,	10, 10, 10, 10.
69	(1st Tune) Boston,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6 C. M.
47	(2d Tune) Windsor, .	Kirby.	C. M.
70	Swiss Tune,	From Würtemberg Hymn Book,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8,
71	Babylon Streams, .	Dr. Thos. Campion,	L. M.
72	St. Theodulph,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk, .	7, 6, 7, 6, with c
73	Winchester, New, .	See No. 12,	L. M.
74	Fance,	Du Complete	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6
75 76	St. Katherine,	Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8
77	St. Hilary, Edom,	Ganther,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
78	Breslau.	Old German Tune,	L. M.
79		From Pleyel,	L. M.
80	Lexington,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8, 4
81	Sharon,	Dr. Boyce. (Died 1779),	7, 7, 7, 7.
82	Barden,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7
83	Rockingham,	Dr. Miller, Organist of Doncaster, England. (Died 1807.)	L. M.
84	Batty,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7.
	(1st Tune) Woolmers,	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, England.	L. M.
	(2d Tune) Melcombe,	Melcombe was first printed in Harrison's "Sacred Harmony." about 1790, and is there stated to be an adaptation from one of Samuel Webb's larger works.	L. M.
86	(1st Tune) Ouseley, .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart. (1968), .	7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.
	(2d Tune) Redhead, No. 76.	Richard Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,
87	Chorale.	l	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
66	(2d Tune) Lancashire,	Henry Smart, of London,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
89	Calvary, St. Cross,	S. Stanley. (Died 1822),	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. L. M.
	Cuthbert,	Dr. Gauntlett (1852),	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
91	Pruen,	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
92	Konigsberg,	Heinrich Albert (1643),	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
93	Rest,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	11, 11, 11, 12.
94	Angelus,	Johannes Scheffuer (1657).	L. M.
95	Abridge,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780),	C. M.
9 8	Bexfield,	Dr. Bexfield, Late of London. (Died 1853, aged 29)	L. M.
97	Egham,	Dr. Turner. (Died 1740),	S. M.
98	(1st Tune) Latrobe, .	Rev. C. J. Latrobe,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Vienna, .	German Tune. Arr. by Havergal,	7, 7, 7, 7.
99	Easter Hymn, or Worgan.	Dr. Worgan, The Easter Hymn has been attributed to Dr. Worgan, and in this country named after him; but he could not have been the composer, iranmuch as it was first published by Walsh, in	7, 7, 7, 7, with a leluia.
		asmuch as it was first published by Walsh, in "Lyra Davidica," in the year 1708, just sixteen years before Dr. Worgan was born. The	
		authorship is a matter of co. jecture.	<u>}</u>
1	Syria,	Euglish Tune. Har. by W. B. Gilbert,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,

ř	No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
: - I	102 103	Carmine, Victory,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. 8, 8, 8, with Alle-
•	104	St. Albinus,	Dr. Gauntlett,	luia. 7, 8, 7, 8, with Al-
	105 106	Munich, Wirtemburg,	German Tune (1648),	leluia. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. 7, 7, 7, 7, with Al- leluia.
22	107 108	Unser Hernscher, .	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk, .	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. 10, 11, 11, 11, 12,
E.C		Cantor,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	11, 10, 11.
•	109	Cantate,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, with Alleluia.
- (110	Albano,	Vincent Novello,	C. M.
	111 112	Shepherds,	J. Hallett, Shepherd,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. C. M.
-	113	Christmas,	Handel,	D. S. M.
•	114	Trinity, (1st Tune) Roe,	I E Roe	7, 7, 7, 7.
	114	(Ist Time) Roe,.	J. E. Roe, Late of Brighton, England. (Died 1872.)	*, *, *, *.
- *	"	(2d Tune) Durham or Innocents.	Origin uncertain,	7, 7, 7, 7.
_	115	Diadem,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
	116	Diademata,	Sir.Geo. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.,	D. S. M.
	117	Duke Street,	Organist to Queen Victoria. J. Hatton, of Liverpool,	L. M.
	118	St. Swithin,	Jesser,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
•	119	St. Bernard,	W. H. Monk,	L. M.
	120	Truro,	Dr. Burney,	L. M.
	121	Tottenham,	T. Greatorex,	C. M.
	122	Bowen or Otterbourne	Havdn	L. M.
	123	Bristol,	Dr. Edward Hodges. (bied 1867), . Late Organist of Trinity Church, New York.	С. М.
	124	St. Pancras,	Jonathan Battishill. (Died 1801),	L. M.
	125	Nayland or St. Ste-	Rev. W. Jones,	C. M.
		phen.	Born 1726. Died 1800, at Nayland, England, of	•,•
			which parish he was Rector.	T 16
	126	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85,	L. M.
	127	Manchester, New, .	John W. Wainwright, Died 1782, aged 35.	C. M.
	128	Alexandria,	Died 1104, aged 32.	С. М.
	129	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
	130	Moscow,	J. B. Calkin, of London	D. S. M.
	131	Eden,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
	132	St. Cuthbert,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 6, 8, 4.
	133	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison.	L. M.
	134	Utica,	Carl Zeuner,	S. M.
	135	(1st Tune) Thetford,.	F. C. Atkinson,	S. M.
	"	(2d Tune) Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
٠.	136	(1st Tune) Old Win- chester.	Thomas Este (1580),	С. М.
	"	(2d Tune) Stockton, .	Thomas Wright,	С. М.
	137	(1st Tune) Veni Cre-	Rev. J. H. Hopkins,	Р. М.
	"	ator. (2d Tune) Veni Cre-	Rev. William Staunton, D.D.,	Р. М.
		ator.	n n n 1	11 10 10 10
	138	Nicæa,		11, 12, 12, 10.
	139	Winchester, New,	See No. 12,	\L.M.
	140	Lindsay,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	. بر ه ره ره ره ره ره . ه . ه . ه
		Leoni,	Hebrew Melody, William Knapp. (Born 1698; died 176	M.J/(E

No.	Name.	Composer,	Metre.
143	St. Mildred,	Dr. Steggall,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8,
144	Sanctus,	W D Gilbort Mug D	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,
145	Regent Square,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Dr. Monk, of York, England, Pierracini, of Bristol, England,	878747
	Orient,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4
147	Trenton,	W R Gilbert Mus R	S. M.
148	Callipriest,	W R Gilbert Mns R	666699
149	Jarvis,	Dr Monk of York England	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. C. M .
150	Trinity	Diamonini of Bristol England	L. M.
151	Trinity,	Westill	000000
152	maken,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
153	1 by 10 u,	W. D. Cilbert Mrs. D.,	L. M.
100	(1st Tune) Selby, . (2d Tune) Alfreton, . (1st Tune) Repedie	W. D. Gilbert, Mus. D.,	L. M.
- 1	(2d Tune) Alireton, .	William Bearstan,	L. M.
154	(180 I dile) Denemic	Handel,	C. M.
"	tion.		0.36
	(2d Tune) Mear, .		C. M.
155	(National Air,	10, 10, 10, 10.
	Hymn.		40 40 40 4.
"	(2d Tune) Callcott, .	Dr. Callcott. (Died 1821),	10, 10, 10, 10.
156	St. George,	Hermann,	С. М.
157	Christ Church,	Dr. Steggall,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4,
158	St. Olave,	R. Hudson, Mus. B.,	L. M.
159	Sienna	W. H. Deane,	S. M.
160	(1st Tune) Danestre,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
"	(2d Tune) St. Marga-	Dr. Callcott. (Died 1821),	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
	ret.		
161		H. W. Greatorex,	L. M.
162	Hebron,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
163		H. W. Greatorex,	7, 7, 7, 7.
164	Posen, or Stattner, .	From "Gesangbuch" (1691),	7, 7, 7, 7.
165	(1st Tune) Sicily or	Sicilian Hymn,	7, 7, 7, 7. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
	Mariner's.		
"	(2d Tune) Dismission,	Vincent Novello, Wm. Russell, Mus. B. (Died 1813), S. Webbe. See No. 85, R. Redhead, Rev. Dr. Dykes, English Tune, Rev. Ralph Harrison, Rev. Dr. Dykes, Wm. Jackson. (Died 1803), R. Palmer,	8, 7 , 8, 7 , 4 , 7 . L. M .
166	Gower Street,	Wm. Russell, Mus. B. (Died 1813),	L. M.
167	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85,	L. M.
168	Debenham,	R. Redhead,	8, 7, 8, 7. 10, 10, 10, 10.
169	Pax Dei,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	10, 10, 10, 10.
170	Pax Dei, Huddersfield, Cambridge,	English Tune,	S. M.
171	Cambridge.	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	S. M . C. M .
172	St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	С. М.
173	Clarendon,	Wm. Jackson, (Died 1903),	C. M.
174	(1st Tune) Gloucester	R. Palmer,	С. М.
"	(2d Tune) Belmont, .	R. Palmer,	C. M.
175	All Saints	F. Weber.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
	,	Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's, London.	
1		James's, London.	
176	Old 81st,	Day's Psalter,	D. C. M.
177	(1st Tune) Castle Ris-	Day's Psalter,	D. C. M.
	ing.	This tune is here printed as composed.	
	(2d Tune) Giovnivi-		D. C. M.
	chè.		
178	Clarke's,	Jeremiah Clark,	L. M.
	· !	Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London (died	
170	St Holona	1707).	S. M.
	St. Helena,	Arranged by W. H. Monk,	17. M.
100			S. M.
121	Benedictus, or St.	Dr. Gauntiett,	S. M.
	George.	Old German Tune, English Tune,	\7,7,7,7. .\C.M.
100 /			

St. James, Courteville, Organist of St. James & Westminster, 1691.	No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
186 Barnbya Joseph Barnlyy 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10,	184	St. James,	Courteville,	С. М.
Barnbys Joseph Barnby 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 4	185	Cloisters	W R Gilbert Mus R	С. М.
Barnbys				
Dunfermine, Dinfermine, Secretary Dinfermine, Secretary Dinfermine, Secretary Dinfermine, Secretary Dinfermine, Secretary Secr			Joseph Barnby.	10, 10, 10, 4.
Langran's, or Deerhunts, or Glorias. Clat Tune) Austria, Clat Tune) Connington (2d Tune) St. Augustria, Clat Tune) Connington (2d Tune) Exemple Clat Tune) Connington (2d Tune) Exemple Clat Tune) Connington (2d Tune) Emmanuel, Cl	188		Old Scotch Tune (1583),	С. М.
"" (2d Tune) Worthing, 191 (1st Tune) Connington (2d Tune) St. Augustine. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., S. M. 192 (1st Tune) Emmanuel, 201 (2d Tune) Gondinel, 201 (2d Tune) Gondinel, 201 (2d Tune) Gondinel, 201 (2d Tune) Sieboths,		hurst, or Gloria.		
191		(1st Tune) Austria, .		8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 7
192				
22d Tune Emmanuel, Creation, Creation, Haydn, H		(2d Tune) St. Augus-		S. M.
Greation, Haydn, J. Schop, A.D. 1641, S. B. S.			Dr. Burney,	
Darmstadt, J. Schop, A.D. 1641, S. Thomas, Dundee, or French,		(2d Tune) Emmanuel,	Braun,	
St. Thomas, Dundee, or French, Bickleigh, Bichleit, Mus. B., Bisac Smith. (Died 1780), Bickleigh, Bisac Smith. (Died 1780), Bickleigh, Bickleigh, Bichleigh, Bisac Smith, Lim, Bickleigh, Bisac Smith, Lim, Bickleigh, Bickleigh, Bickleigh, Bick			Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
Dundee, or French, Bickleigh, Caput, Caput, Harwood, Harwood, Christ Church, Aurelia, Caput, Angels, Caput, Caput, Christ Church, Ch			J. Schop, A.D. 1641,	0, 0, 0, 0, 0, c.
First printed by Hart in 1615, who calls it a French tune. S. Reay, Mus. B., Organist of Newark on Trent, England. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Organist of Newark on Trent, England. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Organist of Newark on Trent, England. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Organist of Newark on Trent, England. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Organist of Older on the St. Comments of the St. Comments of Com			A. Williams,	
197 Bickleigh, Organist of Newark on Trent, England. 198 Caput, W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., C. 7, 7, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. 199 Harwood, W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., C. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,	190	Dundee, or French, .	French tune.	
199 Harwood, Edmund Harwood (Died 1787), 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,		1	S. Reay, Mus. B.,	
Maidstone, Christ Church, Aurelia, Dr. S. Gubseley, Bart., M.A., 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,			W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
C. M. Christ Church, Aurelia, Dr. S. S. Wesley, Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, England. William Tansur. (Born in 1699), There are two tunes of this name by Tansur. This is an adaptation from a tune written by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers' "Hymns and Songs of the Church." In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and semibreves. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Saug, and thus Sing We," from which originated the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The common time modern version cannot be regard d as correct. Piericini, C. M. 205 Trinity, C. Piericini, C. M. 206 Nayland, Rev. Wm. Jones, C. M. 207 (1st Tune) Goudinel,			Edmund Harwood. (Died 1787),	7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
St. Martin's, Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, England. William Tansur. (Born in 1699), There are two tunes of this name by Tansur. This is an adaptation from a tune written by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers' Hymns and Songs of the Church." In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and semibreves. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sung, and thus Sing We," from which originate ed the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and filty years. The common time modern version cannot be regard d as correct. Piericini, C. M. 206 Trinity, Nayland, C. M. 207 (1st Tune) Goudinel, Gardner, C. M. 208 Bristol, Bristol, Dedham, Gardner, C. M. 210 Dedham, Gardner, Gardner, C. M. 211 Tallis's Ordinal, Tranby, Bristol, Thos. Tallis. (Died 1585), C. M. 212 Schumann, R. Sc			Sir F A G Oppolog Root M A	18. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.
St. Martin's, Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, England. William Tansur. (Born in 1699), There are two tunes of this name by Tansur. This is an adaptation from a tune written by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers' Hymns and Songs of the Church." In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and semibreves. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sung, and thus Sing We," from which originate ed the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and filty years. The common time modern version cannot be regard d as correct. Piericini, C. M. 206 Trinity, Nayland, C. M. 207 (1st Tune) Goudinel, Gardner, C. M. 208 Bristol, Bristol, Dedham, Gardner, C. M. 210 Dedham, Gardner, Gardner, C. M. 211 Tallis's Ordinal, Tranby, Bristol, Thos. Tallis. (Died 1585), C. M. 212 Schumann, R. Sc			Dr. S. S. Wesley	7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7.
St. Martin's, 204 Angels, Milliam Tansur. (Born in 1699), There are two tunes of this name by Tansur. This is an adaptation from a tune written by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers' "Hymns and Songs of the Church." In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and sembreves. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sung and thus Sing We," from which originated the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern nutation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The common time modern version cannot be regarded as correct. Piericini, L. M. Rev. Wm. Jones, C. M. Sundand, Goudinel, 9, 8, 9, 8. Goudinel, 9, 8, 9, 8. Dr. Edward Hodges, C. M. Werner, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,		Autena,	Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, England.	
by Orlando Gibbons in 1628 for George Withers' 'Hymns and Songs of the Church.'' In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and semibreves. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sung, and thus Sing We," from which originat- ed the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The common time modern version cannot be re- gard.d as correct. Piericini, Rev. Wm. Jones, C. M. 206 Naylaud, Goudinel, Goudinel, Goudinel, Goudinel, Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc. Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Both, Mus. B			William Tansur. (Born in 1699), There are two tunes of this name by Tansur.	
205	204	Angels,	by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers' 'Hyums and Songs of the Church.' In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and semibreves. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sung, and thus Sing We," from which originat- ed the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The common time modern version cannot be re-	
206 Nayland, Rev. Wm. Jones, C. M.	205	Trinity,	Piericini.	L. M.
"" (2d Tune) Sieboths, Bristol, "" Dr. Edward Hodges, "" C. M. 9, 8, 9, 8. 209 Ratisbon, "" Werner, "" C. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. 210 Dedham, "" Gardner, "" C. M. 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10,			Rev. Wm. Jones,	
208 Bristol, Dr. Edward Hodges, C. M.	"		Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	9, 8, 9, 8. 9, 8, 9, 8.
210 Dedham, C. M. 211 Tallis's Ordinal, Thos. Tallis. (Died 1585), C. M. 212 Schumann, S. M. 213 Tranby, Rev. S. M. Barkworth, 8, 7, 8, 7. 214 Old Winchester, M. Este, C. M. 215 St. Vincent, W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., L. M. 216 Silver Street, Isaac Smith. (Died 1780), S. M. 217 Redhead, No. 66, R. Redhead, C. M. 218 / (1st Tune) Melcombe. S. Webbe. See No. 55. L. M.			Dr. Edward Hodges,	
211 Tallis's Ordinal, Thos. Tallis. (Died 1585), C. M. 212 Schumann, R. Schumann, S. M. 213 Tranby, Rev. S. M. Barkworth, 8, 7, 8, 7. 214 Old Winchester, M. Este, C. M. 215 St. Vincent, W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., L. M. 216 Silver Street, Isaac Smith. (Died 1780), S. M. 217 Redhead, No. 66, R. Redhead, C. M. 218 / (1st Tune) Melcombe. S. Webbe. See No. 55. L. M.				
212 Schumann, R. Schumann, S. M.			Chardner,	
213 Tranby, Rev. S. M. Barkworth,			R. Schumann	
214 Old Winchester, M. Este, C. M. 215 St. Vincent, W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., L. M. 216 Silver Street, Isaac Smith. (Died 1780), S. M. 217 Redhead, No. 66, R. Redhead, C. M. 218 (1st Tune) Melcombe. S. Webbe. See No. 55. L. M.				
215 St. Vincent,	214	Old Winchester, .	M. Este,	
216 Silver Street, Isaac Smith. (Died 1780), S. M. 217 Redhead, No. 66, R. Redhead, 218 (1st Tune) Melcombe. S. Webbe. See No. 85.		St. Vincent,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	
218) (1st Tune) Melcombe. S. Webbe. See No. 25.		Silver Street,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780),	(S. M.
" (2d Tune) Sagrament W. R. Gilbert Mus. R. (11. M.	217	Kedhead, No. 66,	K. Kedhead,	(U. M.
	210	(2d Tune) Sacrament	W R Gilbert Mus R	

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
219	Salvation,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6,
220	Durham, or Innocents,	Authorship uncertain,	with chorus. 7, 7, 7, 7.
221	St. James,	Courteville,	Ć. M.
222	Balerma,	Old Tune,	CM
223	Stutgard,	German Tune. Arr. by Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7.
224	Holy Cross,	Mendelssohn.	8, 7, 8, 7. C. M.
225	Stainey,	From Service and Tune Book, by the Rev. Dr. Goodrich, Rector of Calvary Church, Utica, New York.	6, 5, 6, 5.
226	Aguus,	Ditto,	11, 8, 12, 9.
227	Little Clusters,	Ditto,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
22 3	Alstone,	Ditto, C. E. Willing, Organist to the Foundling Hospital, London.	L. M.
229	Hemans,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
230		Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
231	Horsley,	W. Horsley, Mus. B. (Born 1777, died 1858),	С. М.
232	(1st Tune) Onward, .	J. E. Roe,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5 .
			with chorus
**	(2d Tune) Milburn, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5,
233	Irby,	Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
234	Burlington,	J. F. Burrowes, Organist of St. James's, Piccadilly, London.	С. М.
235	Angola	Co. No. 904	L. M.
236	Augels,	See No. 204,	
237		W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7,
	Evermore,	Dr. Gauntlett,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6,
239		Dr. Croft,	7, 7, 7, 7. C. M.
240		S. Webbe,	L. M.
241		W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
242	Hayes,	Beethoven,	Ď. Ĺ. M .
24 3	Mount Ephraim, .	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
		was an organist of Bath, England, where he died in 1810.	
244	Shirland,	Samuel Stanley. (Died 1922),	S. M .
245	Bedford,	W. Wheall, Mus. B.,	С. М.
040	Donolishus as Ch	First published in Matthew Wilkin's Book of Psalmody, 5699. It was then in triple time, and so continued until very recently. Wheall died in 1745.	. ·
240	Benedictus, or St.	Dr. Ganntlett	S. M.
247	George,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
248	Old German Tune,	German Tune,	7, 6, 7, 6.
249	Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
250	Careys,	Henry Carey,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
251	St. Anns,	Dr. Croft,	С. М.
252	(1st Tune) Redhead,	R. Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	No. 47. (2d Tune) Guisbo-	C. T. Bowen,	7, 7, 7, 7.
253	rough. St Matthewa	Dr. Croft	D. C. M.
254	St. Matthews St. Margaret,	Dr. Croft,	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6,
255	Arlington.		C. M.
256	(1st Tune) Troyte,	Troyte,	Troyte's Chant
"	(2d Tune) Submission,	Ch Zenner	8, 8, 8, 4.
257	Varick Street,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 6, 8, 6, 4, 4, 6
258	St. Mary's,	See No. 51,	С. М.
259	Dundee,	Sec No. 196.	С. М.
26 0 / .		W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	l M.

INDEX OF TUNES.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
261	Peace,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	С. М.
262	Home,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
263	Consolation,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.
264	Abridge,	Isaac Smith,	C. M.
265	Tinsley,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 4, 6, 4, 5, 4,
266	Sullivans,	A. S. Sullivan, of London,	12, 12, 12, 12.
267	Melita,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
238	Mount Ephraim, .	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
269	Irish,	Isaac Smith,	С. М.
270	Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
271	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
272	Evangelists,	German Tune,	8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
273	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zeuner,	L. M.
274	Compton,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	D. C. M.
275	Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
276	Angels,	See No. 204,	L. M.
277	Old Hundredth, .	This tune was compiled from ancient	L. M.
	•	do David " by Clement Merot and Theodore	
		Beza. A.D. 1543. It was published by John	
		sonrees by Guillaume Franc for "Les Pseames de David," by Clement Marot and Theodore Beza, A.D. 1643. It was published by John Day, in England, in 1563, and in 1580 it wa-	
		printed in notes of equal length. In this form	
200	(* 1 5 m) 011 G4	it has been almost universal y used ever since.	(1.36
27 8	(1st Tune) Old St.	William Tansur,	С. М.
"	Martins.	D 0 11 11	0.34
	(2d Tune) St. Fulbert,	Dr. Gauntlett,	C. M.
279	Harewood,	Dr. S. S. Wesley,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4
280	Coventry		C. M.
281	Mear,	Welsh Tune,	C. M.
282	Oriel,	W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
283	Missionary Hymn, . 1st Tune) Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7
284	1st Tune) Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
1	(2d Tune)DukeStreet,	J. Hatton,	L. M.
285 286	St. Thomas,	A. Williams,	S. M. C. M.
	Belgrave,	Wm. Horsley, Mus. B.,	L. M.
287	Truro,	Dr. Burney,	
288 289	St. Louis,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7, L. M.
	Old Hundredth,	See No. 277,	L. M. L. M.
290	Missionary Chant, .	Ch. Zeuner,	
291	Endsleigh,	S. Salvatori,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
292 293	St. Enoch,		0,1,0,1,4,1.
294	Mission,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	
294	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
296	Germany or Warzburg,		C. M.
	Russell,	Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
297 298	Burlington,	J. H. Burrowes,	S. M.
299	Silchester	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M. S. M.
300	Mount Ephraim	Dr. Hiles,	D. C. M.
301	St. Leonard, Winchester, New	See No. 12.	L. M.
302	(1st Tune) Martinia		
302	(1st Tune) Martinis, .	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
303	(2d Tune) Dix,		
304	Atlantic.	G. Oates,	L. M.
304	(1st Tune) Westches-	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	11. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.
300	ter.	TI. D. GIIDGIO, Mus. D.,	., ., .,
"	(2d Tune) Monkland,	J. Wilkes,	7, 7, 7, 7.
306	(1st Tune) St. George,	Sir Geo. J. Elvey,	SEE KKKK
300	(2d Tune) Thanksgiv-	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	$\langle \vec{\gamma}, $
/	ing.		\'
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No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
307	Darwell,	Rev. J. Darwell, The Rev. John Darwell was vicar of Walsall, England, and on the occasion of a new organ being opened in his church, in the year 1778, he preached a sermon, in which he recommended that the hymns he sung quicker than generally, as he thought that "six verses might be sung in the same space of time that four usually are." After the sermon the 150th Psalm was sung to a new tune of Darwell's composing. This was the first performance of "Darwell."	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4,
308	Rose Street,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6
309	America,	Dr. J. Bull, A.D. 1607,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
310	Batty,	German Tune. Arr. by W. II. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7.
311	Northampton,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
312	Proal.	Joseph Seiboth, Mus. Doc.,	L. M.
313	(1st Tune) Wells,	J. Holdroyd,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) St. Luke, .	From Bristol Collection,	\overline{L} . \overline{M} .
314	Jackson,	Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8,
315	Boylstor,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	S. M.
316	Bishopsthorp,	Jeremiah Clark.	C. M.
317	Pax,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Dr. Howard. Died 1782,	5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6,
318	Norfolk,	Dr. Howard, Died 1782.	L. M.
319	Rochester,	Vincent Novello.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
320	Christ Church,	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
321	St. Gabriel,	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A., W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
322	Holy Innocents, .	T. Gambier Parry, . •	C. M.
323	Resignation,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	8, 6 , 8, 6, 8, 8.
324	Exmouth,	Selby, A.D. 1820,	L. M.
325	St. Gregory,	German Tune,	L. M.
32 6	Warwick,	Samuel Stanley,	C. M.
327	Shamut,	Incient mercay,	§. M .
328	(1st Tune) Hamburg,.	D1. 250 O11 22 2000 21, 1	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Whiteland,	1 301211111 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	L. M.
329	Melcombe,		L. M.
330	Courtland,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
331 332	Ratisbon,	Werner,	L. M.
333	Morning Hymn, Evening Hymn,		L. M.
		The original of this tune forms the eighth of those composed by Tailis for Archbishop Park er's Psaiter about the year 1555 Lis somewhat long and tedious. Haveneroft reduced it to its present form. Subsequently by various arrangers it was much changed and perverted; of late, however, the tune is generally accepted in the form as given by Ravenscroft.	
334	Marshall	Authorship uncertain,	S. M.
	Eventide,	W. H. Monk,	10, 10, 10, 10
	Hursley,	Origin uncertain, but long known as a hymn tune, being found in "Weyman's Collection" under the name of "Stillorgan," and in a German collection, dated 1792, a version of it appears as a sevens lambic tune, set to a metrical version of the Te Deum, with the name of Peter Ritter as the composer.	L. M.
337	Wiltshire,		С. М.
333	(1st Tune) St. Mat-		8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
"	thias.	{	
"	(2d Tune) Benison, .	German Tune,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8,
	(3d Tune) Stella,	From "Crown of Jesus,"	કું, કું, કું, કું, કું, કું.
339	(1:t Tune) Devotion,		3, 8, 8, 8 .
	(2d Tune) Tabor,	Dr Steogni	C. C. B. N.
∡ ∪ / (1st Tune) Vespers, .	From the Rev. Albert Wood's Collection,	

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
340	(2d Tune) Weber, .	Weber,	7, 7, 7, 7.
341	St. Anatolius,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.
342	Dretzel,	German Tune, arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
343	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
344	Southgates,	Thomas Bishop Southgate. (Died 1868), .	
345	St. Columba,	H. S. Trons, of Southwell, England,	6, 4, 6, 6.
346	Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
347	Holy Trinity,	Jos. Barnby,	С. М.
34 8	Gladdening Light, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Irregular Metre.
349	Evensong,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 1
350	Shepherds,	J. Hallett Shepherd,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
351	St. Sepulchre,	Geo. Cooper,	L. M.
352	Donne	Organist of Queen Victoria's Chapel Royal.	9797
353	Peace,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7. L. M .
354		R. Redhead,	L. M.
355	Antiphon, St. Bernard,	German Tune,	L. M.
356	St. Bernard, Bayaria,		L. M.
357	0. 70 . 2 3	F. W. Hogan,	L. M.
358	St. Patrick, St. Peters,	A. R. Reinagle,	C. M.
359	Te Lucis,	Ancient Melody,	L. M.
360	Nassau,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M.
361	(1st Tune) Luton,	Burder,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Chantry, .	Rev. Dr. Rowden,	L. M.
362	Evarts,	Authorship uncertain.	7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7.
363	St. Davids,	Authorship uncertain,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, C. M.
364	Aynhoe,	Dr. Nares,	S. M.
365	London New,		C. M.
366	Colchester,	A. Williams,	С. М.
367	Nottingham,		C. M.
368	Asylum,	Jeremiah Clark,	C. M.
369	Salvation,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M., with choru
370	Trust,	Mendelssohn,	18, 7, 8, 7.
371	Montgomery, or St.	Generally assigned to John Stanley, but in Russell's "Foundling Hymns" it is said to	L. M.
	Georges.	in Russell's "Foundling Hymns" it is said to	
		be by "Mr. Jarvis, Organist of St. Sepulchre's Church, London."	
372	Nayland,	I Rev. W. Jones.	C. M.
37 3	Nuremburg,	German Tune, Dr. Lowell Mason, Wyvill, Isaac Smith, S. Webbe. (See No. 85),	7, 7, 7, 7. 3, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
374	Ariel,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	3, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
375	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
376	Silver Street,	Isaac Smith,	S. M.
377	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. (See No. 85),	L. M.
378	Dedham,	Taruner,	C. M .
379	Willings,	C. E. Willing,	L. M.
380	Howard,	Cuthbert,	C. M.
381	St. Raphael,	E. J. Hopkins,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
382	Bethlehem,	Organist of the Temple Church, London. Samuel Wesley. (Died 1937),	S. M.
393	O4 4	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	(1 34
384	Madison,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	Irregular Metre.
385	St. Martins,	William Tansur.	C. M.
386	Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
387	German Air,	Author unknown,	L. M.
398	Palestine,	J. Summers,	C. M.
389	Bexfield,	Dr. Bexfield,	L. M.
390	Manchester, New, (1st Tune) Redhead,	Dr. Wainwright,	(C. M.
391	(1st Tune) Redhead,	Richard Redhead,	./7,7,7,7,7,7.
	No. 76.		7,7,7,7,7
" /	(21 Tune)Huntington,	T. Hasting:,	

No.	Name.	Composer. Metre.	_
392	(1st Tune) Balfour, .	Balfour, 8, 8, 8, 6.	
.6	(2d Tune) St. Crispin,	Sir G. J. Elvey, 8, 8, 8, 6.	
393	(1st Tune) Holling-	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7,7,
"	side. (2d Tune) Blumen- thals.	J. Blumenthal,	7,7.
394	St. Laurence,	E. H. Thorne, 8, 8, 8, 4.	
395	St. Peters,	A. R. Reinagle,	
396	(1st Tune) Leicester, .	Dale,	
	(2d Tune) Windsor, .	Kirby,	
397	Worms, or "Ein Feste Burg."	German Tune, Irregular Me	etre.
39 8	Datchet,	Sir G. J. Elvey,	L.
399	Dublin,	From Bristol Collection, C. M.	
400	St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	
401	St. Edmund,	L. G. Lawrence,	
402	Rome,	From Bristol Collection, C. M.	
403 404	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zeuner, L. M. Arr. by Dr. Hayne,	
404	St. Bernard, Old Hundredth,	See No. 287, L. M.	
406	(1st Tune) Hanover,.	Dr. Croft,	5.6
400	(2d Tune) Houghton,	Dr. Gauntlett,	5.6
407	Stonefield,	S. Stanley, L. M.	٠,٠
408	Weldon,	J. Weldon 7, 7, 7, 7	
409	Hebron,	Dr. Lowell Mason, L. M.	
410	Devonshire, or Kent,.	George Green L. M.	
411	Darwell,	Rev. W. Darwell, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4	4,4
412	Angels,	See No. 204	
413	Carlisle,	C. Lockhart. (Died 1815), S. M.	
414	Hatfield,	Rev. J. F. Barret, L. M.	
415 416	Woodbury,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., C. M. Rev. Ralph Harrison L. M.	
417	Warrington, St. Martins,	77717	
418	St. Pancras.	Jonathan Battishill L. M.	
419	Harwood,	Edward Harwood 88688	6.
420	Braine,	Edward Harwood,	ě.
421	Barby,	Willis Tansur (1760)	
422	(1st Tune) Maidstone,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7,
"	(2d Tune) Innocents	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	
423	(or Durham).	Mandalasahu a	•
424	Trust, (1st Tune) Corona-	Mendelssohn,	
707	tion.	d. Holden,	
٠.	(2d Tune) Miles Lane,	Shrubsoll, First printed in the "Gospel Magazine," 1780; and the author of the words—Edward Perronet—was so pleased with the setting that he bequeathed a considerable sum of money to the composer, William Shrubsoll, who was educated in Canterbury Cathedral. He became an organist in London, where he died in 1806.	•
425	Troytes,	Adapted by Troyte from Hayes, Irregular Me	
426	Belmont,	S. Webbe,	etr
427	Eisenach,	Old German Tune. Har. by S. Bach, L. M.	
428	Italian Hymn, or Moscow,	F. Giardini, Composed by Giardini for the Lock Chapel Collection, and there called "Hymn to the Trinity."	6,
429	Grace Church,	Thomas D1 1	
43 0 /	Patterson	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7.
431 /	Gloriam,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Ϋ,

Name.	Composer.	Metre.
(1st Tune) Endless	Jos. Barnby,	10, 10, 7.
(2d Tune) Alleluia, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 10, 7.
New Jersey	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7.
New Jersey, (1st Tune) Old 25th,	Day's Psalter, 1563,	S. M.
(2d Tune) Friendship,	German Tune,	S. M.
(3d Tune) Venice, .	W. Amps,	S. M.
	W. Amps, Organist, King's College, Cambridge, England.	\ a == '
Naomi,		
York,	Scotch Psalter, 1615, This tune, supposed to be of Scottish origin, at one time was a universal favorite Sir John Hawkins says 'that choirs sang it, chimes played, and nurses hummed it as a lullaby."	С. М.
	at one time was a universal favorite Sir John	
•	Hawkins says ' that choirs sang it, chimes	
Demomalance	played, and nurses hummed it as a lullaby."	TW
Benevolence, Boston,	Dr. Edward Hodges,	L. M. C. M.
Norfolk,		L. M.
Eckhardthseim,	Dr. Howard,	C. M.
Brattle Street,	Plevel	C. M.
(1st Tune) Habakkuk,	Dr Edward Hodges	886886
(2d Tune) Bethany,.	Isaac Taylor	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
St. Fabian,	T. M. Grizzelle	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver	L. M.
Nuremburg,	German Tune.	7, 7, 7, 7.
Rockingham,	Dr. Miller.	L. M.
(1st Tune)Amsterdam	Attributed to Dr. Nares	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
(2d Tune) St. Hilary,	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
Норе,	H. S. Irons,	: L. M.
St. Lucian,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7. 7. 7. 7.
Bowen, or Otterbourn,	l Haydn	i L. M
Martyrdom,	Hugh Wilson. Har. by Rev. Dr. Dykes, Haydn,	C. M.
Jackson,	Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
Warwick,	Samuel Stanley,	C. M.
Sorrento,	J. H. Deane,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
	R. Rednead,	C. M.
Benediction,	Hayou,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. 10, 6, 10, 6, 10, 10.
Nadderwater,	Remandered Mus. D.,	. C. M
Salisbury,	Dr Gauntlett	L. M.
(1st Tune) Dutchess,	W R Gilbert Mus R	C. M.
(2d Tune) Chester-		C. M.
field.	2007. 22. 22.00.00.7	··
Careys,	Henry Carey	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
Thatcher,	Henry Carey	S M
Pentonville,	Lindley,	S. M.
Bloomingdale,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.
Devon,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Old Tune. Arr. by Havergall,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. 8, 7, 8, 7.
Culbach,	Old Tune. Arr. by Havergall,	8, 7, 8, 7.
Boston,		C. M.
Wiltshire,	Sir Geo. Smart,	C. M.
Worthing,	Schultz,	8, 7, 8, 7.
St. Michaels,	Dr. Croft	S. M. C. M.
St. Anns,	W R Gilbert Mne R	
Brevoort, Dundee,	Old Scotch True	† 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, † C. M.
Mount Ephraim, .	Reviemin Milorove	S. M.
Abridge,	Isaac Smith.	C. M.
Christmas,		C. M.
(1st Tune) University	Dr. Gauntlett.	7,7,7,7.
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No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
477	(2d Tune) German Hymn.	Pleyel,	7, 7, 7, 7.
478	Baden,	Old German Tune,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8,
479	Franconia,	German Tune (1720),	S. M.
480	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
481	Judgment,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
	(1st Tune) St. Bride,	Dr. Howard,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
483	Dies Iræ,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Irregular.
434	Luther's Hymn,	Luther,	878788
185	(1st Tune) Pilgrims, .	Henry Smart,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8 11, 10, 11, 10,
"	(2d Tune) Angels o Jesus,	J. F. Roe,	11, 10, 11, 10,
"	(3d Tune) Coxe, .	Joseph Seiboth, Mus. Doc.,	11, 10, 11, 10,
486	Redhead, No. 7,	R. Redhead, ,	C. M.
487	Burlington,	J. H. Burrowes,	Č. M.
138	Spohr,	Spohr,	C. M.
439	Scranton,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	S. M.
400	Lausanne,	German Tune,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6,
i91	(1st Tune) Munich, .	German Tune. 1648	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6,
"	(2d Tune) St. Alphege,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 6, 7, 6.
19:2	For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6,
493	Ewing,	Alex. Ewing,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6,
<u> 1</u> 94	Tichfield,	From "Crown of Jesus,"	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7
195	Manchester, New, .	Dr. Wainwright,	C. M.
496	Southwell,	H. S. Irons,	С. М.
497	Baltimore,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 6, 10, 6, 7, 6.
498	Bowen,or Otterburn,	Haydn,	L. M.
499	Devoushire, or Kent,	George Greene,	L. M.
500	Nayland,	Rev. W. Jones.	C. M.
501	(1st Tune) London, New.	First met with in old Scotch Psalters, where it is called "Newtown."	С. М.
"	(2d Tune) Haight, .	J. H. Cornell,	С. М.
502	(1st Tune) St. Benedict.	Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, N. Y. From Congregational Hymn and Tune- Book.	С. М.
"	(2d Tune) Bristol, .	Dr. Edward Hodges,	С. М.
503	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
504	Careys,	Henry Carey,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8
505	(1st Tune) Gilbert's, .	Henry Carey,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7
"	(2d Tune) Störl,	Störl, 1750,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7
506	(1st Tune) Oriel	W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4
"	(2d Tune) Verona, .	J. H. Deane,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4
507	(1st Tune) Bethany, .	Dr. Lowell Mason,	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6
"	(2d Tune) St. Chad, .	Dr. Lowell Mason,	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6
"	(3d Tune) Leeds, .	Dr. J. Sieboth,	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6
508	(1st Tune) Creation, .	E. J. Hopkins.	D. L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Creation, .	Haydn,	
509	(1st Tune) Paradise, .	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6,
"	(2d Tune) Paradise, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6,
:6	(3d Tune) Paradise, .	neury,	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6
510	(1st Tune) Brighton,	White	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Farrants, .	Richard Farrant. (Died 1585),	С. М.
511	Attole Paulum,	German Tune. Arr. by Mendelssohn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8,
512/	Lux Benigna,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	10, 4, 10, 4, 10
		Ancient Melody,	18. M.

Name.	Composer.	Metre.	
(2d Tune) Hythe, 1st Tune) Stephanas, 2d Tune) Christus Consolator.	Saml J. Gilbert,	S. M. 8, 5, 8, 5. 8, 5, 8, 5.	
St. Matthias, [rish,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780.) Dr. Wainright,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. C. M. C. M.	
2d Tune) Bankfield, 1st Tune) Cassel,		S. M. S. M. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.	
1st Tune) Lyte, 2d Tune)Brigham,	J. Wilkes, A.R.A.,	S. M. S. M. 11, 11, 11, 11.	

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